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JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this No. see Page III. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"SOLVITUR AMBULANDO."

During the Home Rule debate, in answer to an interruption by Lord Hugh Cecil (who, by the way, has reduced interruption to a fine Parliamentary art), the Prime Minister referred to the old maxim, *Solvitur ambulando*—meaning, literally, that you may solve a problem in walking—and, presumably, thinking about it. Mr. Asquith, however, gave the phrase a meaning of his own—"walking in the light of common-sense, in the domain of reality." We commend this reading to the earnest attention of Parliament. To-day, there is neither common-sense nor reality in its proceedings.

THE HOME RULE DEBATE.

This was without reality. It consisted mainly of an effort—not altogether unsuccessful—to convict the various "leaders" of inconsistencies and contradictions. That can be done on any question. What we want to see is a definite scheme, under which the "Irish question" may, once and for all, be got out of the way—a scheme, too, which may be extended to Wales and Scotland, *and England*, in regard to purely domestic affairs, with the reservation, of course, of a supreme veto to the Imperial Parliament. Then we can get on with Imperial business. We have discussed the condition of the village pump quite long enough.

SNUFFING OUT THE PRIVATE MEMBER.

This is the chief feature of the death struggles of the Party system. All the time of the House till Easter (and, most probably, till Whitsun) is to be taken by the Government—in the fantastic hope that the Parliament Bill may be passed into law before the Coronation! It has no more chance of doing so than—what shall we say?—than *we* have of being made Chancellor of the Exchequer!

THE COMING REVOLT.

But there are signs of revolt. Even Mr. Pickersgill is tired of it. He was quite in his old form during the debate upon the Prime Minister's motion. It reminded us of the days of the Hackney and Crystal Palace Parliaments, thirty years ago, when the "handsome young Italian," as we used to call him, was the terror of the Tories and the hope of the Liberals. But we note, with alarm, that he is gradually moving his seat nearer to the Treasury Bench. It is an evil portent.

THE "OTHER THREE."

We were chatting in the lobby, the other day, with Sir Henry Dalziel and Mr. Wedgwood, and we ventured the opinion that there were not more than half-a-dozen really honest politicians in the House. "Who are the other three?" asked Sir Henry. Not bad for a Scotsman!

"The Will of the People."

A very amusing sidelight was thrown upon the political crisis by the explanation given on behalf of Mr. Gulland, the Scotch Whip, about that list of Peers. Mr. Gulland says that the whole misunderstanding arose out of some "harmless banter which he and his friends were indulging in, in regard to the political situation." Doesn't sound much like revolution, does it? Whilst on this topic, let us repeat the figures we obtained from the Home Secretary the other day, in regard to the adult male population of the United Kingdom and the number of voters upon the Registers. Here they are:—

> The male population of the United Kingdom, at the end of 1910, was estimated by the Registrar-General to be 12,033,000. The revised number of names on the Parliamentary registers in force in December, 1910, was 7,705,602. The number on the registers which came into force on January 1st, 1911, was 7,904,524. Both figures included plural votes or other duplicate registrations, the number of which could not be ascertained, but was certainly very large.

When it is borne in mind that only five million votes were recorded at the General Election, it will be seen that "the will of the people" really means the will of less than half of the men (and none of the women) in the country, and that, as we have previously explained, they are fairly evenly divided.

Another Convert.

In a recent leading article, the *Church Times* indulges in a scathing criticism of the existing system of Party government. We welcome our Episcopalian contemporary into the ranks of the rapidly increasing army which is fighting for a Business Government for a Business Nation, but it will be interesting to watch whether this High Church organ will have the courage to repeat its criticism of the Party system when, in the natural course of events, the reins of government pass from Radical and Nonconformist hands into those of the "Church" and Conservative Party. But we must "cultivate the faculty of patient expectancy."

More Converts.

"It shows we want a new Business Government," said the magistrate at the Yarmouth Police Court, apropos of an official muddle. The *Glasgow Herald* says: "To regard the House of Commons as a Democratic assembly is a delusion. . . . The party machine makes the average member voiceless and powerless." We are undoubtedly getting on!

The Sailor's "Friend" and Her £1,000,000.

We cordially recommend all our readers to obtain a pamphlet called "Charity and the Navy," by Lionel Yexley (published at 3d., by The Fleet Ltd., 411A, Harrow Road). It deals very clearly and convincingly with the doings of the notorious Miss Weston, of "Sailors' Rest" fame. Some of the chief points are these. Miss Weston has been glorifying, or, at least, advertising herself for forty years by begging appeals on behalf of the British sailor, whom she impertinently calls "poor Jack." These appeals have resulted in subscriptions amounting to nearly one million sterling. She has founded a number of "eating-houses," which are open to everybody and where nothing is free, not even a sheet of note-paper. These "eating-houses" are now a fine property, particularly in view of the large sums set aside for "depreciation." She has run a silly paper, and she has disseminated extravagant views about "temperance" and Protestantism. We do not charge her with any worse offences than foolishness and self-glorification, but we trust that friends of the Navy will refrain from affording further support to this fanatical lady.

A Sweeping Proposal.

"If we are to have a 'Business Government,'" says a correspondent, "we shall not get it by the system of election now existing. We shall have to have 'voting by ballot' *in* Parliament. This would mean that a member could vote according to his own intelligence, and voters would have to elect men whom they knew personally as capable business men, honest men, men of good reputation, and trust them when they were once elected. An amendment to the Corrupt Practices Act should be passed, to the effect that no candidate or member should be allowed, after he was known as a candidate, to subscribe to any local society or institution a greater sum per annum than he had given on an average for the last three years before he became a candidate. House-to-house canvassing to be illegal, and posters to be forbidden. Then elections would not be the perfect nuisance which they now are." What a change is coming over public opinion, to be sure!

Pity the London Publican.

The new Licence Duties imposed by the Budget for 1909-1910 are estimated to have produced in the first year from public-houses and beer-houses—that is, exclusive of manufacturers' and wholesale dealers' licences—upwards of a million and a half. Of this sum, the London publicans have contributed more than half a million—or one-third of the whole. And yet the population of London, and the alcoholic drink consumption of London, are roughly only one-ninth of that of the United Kingdom. The injustice arises from the fact that the duties are based upon "annual value" of the premises instead of upon the amount of trade done—with the result that the local ratepayers have to suffer, as well as the publicans, owing to the lowering of assessments due to the fact that these duties lessen the value of the premises. And, contemporaneously with this heavy fine, the licensed trade in London has been more depressed than in any other part of the Kingdom. Still, it is only the publican—so what does it matter?

Saving the Doctor's Bill.

Instead of a week of self-denial, Baptist churches in the Bristol district have been "joining in a week of prayer and consecration." Pastor S. Campbell, of the Fishponds Baptist Church, is one of those who have joined in. What the collections have amounted to is not reported to us, but in a circular issued to his congregation he made it clear that he wanted, among other things, a minister's vestry and a church parlour. "I ask for our dear Lord," he says, "who is worthy to receive our gold, and our blood, too, if need be. He will not be in your debt. He will give you a good year and save your doctors' bills." In other words, "Give me a cosy vestry and a pretty little parlour, and Providence will reward you with a clean bill of health." Well, that is a better prize than anybody could win—even at a whist drive. The only thing is to see that it is certain to come along.

Hustling in H——.

Some time ago we found much sympathy with our protest against the unnecessary use of abbreviations in print—such as photo. for photograph, comp. for compositor, Ass. or Assn. for Association. Now we go a step further and suggest that very little time is gained, even in a hustling age, by the insults offered to certain towns in correspondence. B'ham for Birmingham does not surprise us, but we are shocked to read M'chester and bewildered by E'bourne. This cannot be laziness and must be a mere affectation of smartness. In some cases the effect might be hideous, almost blasphemous. Think of the wretch who wrote H'll for Hull. He might just as well write H—— and have done with it.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Serious complaints have reached us as to the admission arrangements made by the National Sunday League at the Palladium. According to the announcements, the reserved seats are from 1s. to 5s.; 6d. unreserved at doors. On a recent Sunday a large number of people waited at the doors for two hours, and when the time for opening came, an attendant informed the indignant crowd that all seats were filled. They became almost threatening, and eventually a few were allowed to pay for standing room. On another occasion a crowd was let in at 6d. each, and kept standing eight deep, only two rows of 6d. seats being provided. There were, however, rows and rows of empty shilling seats, which were filled up by the enterprising process of purchasing transfers. Now the National Sunday League must necessarily get money, like other organisations, but the organisers have no right to attract people to the doors by advertising sixpenny seats if sixpenny seats are a mere lure and pretence. A fair proportion of seats should be set aside for the public, or they should not be advertised at all. Of course, we are assuming that the League was responsible.

EXAMS. AT THE R.C.O.

We are obliged to the readers who point out to us that the very low percentage of passes at the recent A.R.C.O. examination—170 out of 204 candidates failing—is not due to any defect of the teaching staff, because the R.C.O. is merely an examining body. Very well. In that case there seems to be a strong supposition that most organ teachers outside the College are not worth their fees, or that the people they teach are not worth teaching, being either thick in the head, awkward in the hands, or unacrobatic about the feet. It cannot, of course, be that the College examiners are the sort of people whose object is to "plough" as many new candidates for college diplomas as possible, in order that competition may be kept at its lowest limit—although we are given to understand that if a candidate fails in one subject, he is "ploughed" in all. "Probably most fail in the literary test," says one illuminating reader. In other words, the R.C.O. examiners take the view that, even if a candidate plays the organ like Molly O'Morgan or John Bull (not *us*), he must be "ploughed" if he is not a literary gent. This standard may be free from objection in the case of a university granting a general musical degree, but in the case of the R.C.O. it is an absurdity. As well call a cobbler a bad workman because he cannot shoe horses.

VERY LIKE A WHALE!

The story of Jonah's whale has been the subject of criticism by unbelievers; but its possibility is vouched for by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, the sailor-author, who, according to the *Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times*, was lately discoursing to young folk on "Deep-Sea People at Home," and incidentally referred to the Jonah controversy. There is one kind of whale, he told his audience, which could swallow half-a-dozen Jonahs. This is the sperm whale, which commonly makes its breakfast off a giant cuttlefish. In one specimen, whose interior he personally investigated, Mr. Bullen found, among other odds and ends, a shark which on measurement proved to be 15 ft. in length and 9 ft. in girth Thus are the unbelievers once more confounded!

HEROISM ITS OWN REWARD.

The performer of the bravest deed of the year—officially proclaimed to be so after careful examination by the Humane Society—has been solemnly presented with o medal and a five-pound note. Thus are heroes rewarded! But heroism may presumably be taken as a matter of course in a land which is peopled with heroes. Bravery in a Briton arouses no surprise.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE KING'S SPEECH.

A learned and critical reader says:—"Knowing that the King's Speech is not His Majesty's personal utterance, but that of his Ministers, we hold that it is permissible to criticise its grammatical no less than its political composition. Therefore we say that it is a national disgrace that the collective ability of the Cabinet, including a Minister of Education, should not be sufficient to prevent the recent speech commencing with a sentence which cannot be parsed." We have not quoted the sentence in question, because it has reference to a sad occasion, but the error is emphasised by the fact that the next sentence but one illustrates the correct construction. "Further down in the Speech," continues our correspondent, "is a misplaced preposition, but let that go. If some distinguished secretary with a public-school education be the personage responsible for such 'howlers,' we trust that on future occasions the Minister of Education of the day will see his way to peruse finally the draft speech himself, or that, despite the difference in their respective salaries, he will not disdain the services of some humble pupil-teacher." But what about "Doctor Mac."?

OUR DAILY (*Mail*) BREAD.

Lord Northcliffe is now booming the old farmhouse loaf under the name of *Standard* Bread. How generous of him to give it the name of a rival newspaper! The chief argument in its favour is that it contains germs. So does a small-pox patient. Seriously, the craze for germs is becoming too widespread. At one time, all sorts of hypochondriacs were swilling bad milk under the mistaken idea that it would cause them to live for ever. The only result was that many of them impaired their digestions for years or had to take to drink. Who knows whether the new germiferous bread will not have similar effects? The *Daily Mirror* says that "the entire medical profession endorses the superiority of this bread." Yes, but the cynic will say that the entire medical profession depends upon the propagation of germs and disease microbes for a living. It would be much more useful to try to prevent bakers from having dirty bakehouses.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

If any good man needs a lesson in the Importance of Little Things, he cannot do better than turn to a recent issue of the *Daily Graphic*—but, on second thoughts, we may as well save him a penny. To be brief, our contemporary published a report of a meeting headed "The Brotherhood of Man," the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding. And this is what that eminent ecclesiastic is reported to have said: "They were there and they existed as an association of men who believed in the power of the Holy Spirit to vilify in them as Christians the spirit of Christian brotherhood." Let us venture to say we hope not.

LIGHT—AT LAST.

Mr. John Paul, of St. Austell, is quite right; nobody except himself has explained to us that the Cornwall fishermen want to prevent the East Coast fishermen from fishing on Sundays because they do not fish on Sundays themselves. It seems the East Coast men cast their nets on Sundays and actually bring their catch into Newlyn. This is light. But why should the Cornwall fishermen impose their conscientious convictions on others? They live in a free country, and, because it is free, they are able to take their rest in the way they prefer it on Sundays. If it were not a free country, they might have to go to work on that day; the bearing of which argument is that people should allow to others the full measure of liberty they claim for themselves.

A Bountiful Barber.

We have received the business card of a Pontypridd barber, to wit one Craddock, "opposite the police station." Here is his description of himself: "Tonsorial Artist, Cranium Manipulator, Physiognomical Hairdresser, Facial Operator, and Capillary Abridger"; and anybody who wants to call the illustrious professor names knows now what to say without fear of an action for slander. The professor adds: "Haircutting with Ambidextrous Facility. Hirsute Appendages Supplied Promiscuously." This is rather a cheap advertisement, considering that he has paid us nothing for it; but we like to encourage great artists—in any line.

Gems for J.B.

The Vicar of St. Stephen's, Clapham Park, has issued a February card as a supplement to his New Year's one. After inviting men to come to church and listen to his sermon on "The Cloakless Brigade," he prints "Gems for John Bull. I.—Icicles never hang on the eaves of heaven. II.—Mere morality never yet carried a man up into heaven. III.—A witty outside is no apology for a depraved inside. IV.—The reputation God looks after. What a blessed one is that!" After all, one good advertisement deserves another. As to Gem II., by the way, what became of all the good men before the clergy invented theology?

The Edmondson Case.

It is a little surprising that the allegation in this case has not recalled that of Lieutenant Hayward. He belonged to the 80th Regiment, and abandoned his company at the Intombi River on the occasion of its being attacked by an impi of Zulus under O'Ham, a brother of the King, Cetewayo. The captain of the company, Moriarty, was killed, and more than half of it was wiped out. The command of the remainder was assumed by Colour-Sergeant Booth, who, for his services on this occasion, received the V.C. Meantime, Lieutenant Hayward arrived on horseback at Utrecht, the headquarters of Colonel (now Field-Marshal) Wood, where he reported the disaster, and explained that he believed a larger impi was in the neighbourhood, and thought it right to report at once to headquarters. Next day the remains of the company arrived at Utrecht, led by Colour-Sergeant Booth, whose account of the disaster was so different to Lieutenant Hayward's that that officer was placed under close arrest. He was subsequently tried by a Detachment General Court Martial, and was sentenced to death. This sentence was confirmed by Lord Chelmsford, but it was deemed desirable to send Lieutenant Hayward to England, where the Duke of Cambridge, at that time Commander-in-Chief, commuted the sentence to dismissal from the service. The Duke issued an order that the finding of the Court-Martial, and its sequel, was to be read on parade before every regiment in the service.

Vegetarian Vapourings.

What is the Order of the Golden Age? We have received a prospectus, and gather that we shall enjoy health, wealth and happiness if only we eat nuts, whole nuts, and nothing but nuts. There are "Companions," who swear to abstain from fish, flesh and fowl, and "Associates," who abstain from flesh and fowl only. How the Companions must despise the Associates for their indulgence in a good red herring! There is also a delightful pamphlet called "A tale of shame and cruelty," which describes the gruesome sights of slaughter-houses. But how do we know that corn does not suffer when it is reaped, or that fruit is not subjected to excruciating torture while being turned into jam? If we cannot answer for the sentiments of a berry, why should we be sure of those of a bloater? The Golden Age might easily become a gelding age. Meanwhile, the watchword of humanity is: Let us prey.

The Public Shot Here.

Here's a pretty state of things, a pretty how d'you do! A few days ago, Miss Maude Toovey, assistant mistress of the Boys' School at Silverhill, was in Guestling Wood, gathering ferns, when "in some way or other she struck a wire which communicated with an automatic gun for raising a poaching alarm, and was knocked down by a charge of shots in her face and arm." Assuming that the public have rightful access to Guestling Wood, it would be interesting to know who is going to gaol, and for how long, for placing this dangerous weapon there. What has happened in the case of Miss Toovey may happen to others. If everybody who gathers ferns, or buttercups and daisies in Guestling Wood stands a chance of being perforated like the lid of a pepper box by an automatic shot-gun designed to salute people who gather rabbits, then the sooner the owner of the lethal weapon is made to suffer the severest penalty possible, the better. A man may be entitled to purchase shooting rights; but he is bound to be particular whom he shoots.

A Revengeful Rector.

The Rev. W. Chaytor, Rector of All Saints', Bolton, is a true Christian. He follows the teachings of his Lord and Master, and, however hard you hit him, he never fails to turn the other cheek. If only we had a few more like him, we should soon silence those nasty people who go about the world asking when the pro-claimers of Christianity will put a little of their Faith into practice. Mark the sweet reasonableness with which this Rector greets his enemies:—

> "Vengeance belongeth to Me; I will recompense, saith the Lord":—If the following paragraph meets the eye of the person, male or female, who sent an anonymous communication to the Rector some weeks ago—a person with a mind and heart evidently as fully charged with the venom of malice and uncharitableness as is a sewer with foul gases—he or she may be interested to know how that disgraceful, insulting, and cowardly missive was treated when received. It was read aloud before the altar of All Saints' Church to Him unto whom vengeance belongeth, and who will assuredly visit the writer with a just recompense, if not in this present time then in the great day when He shall judge the secrets of men.

We suggest that the next time the Rector proposes to read a letter aloud before the altar, he should announce his intention and afterwards take a collection. He should have a full house.

The Farce of 'Varsity Elections.

There is much to be said for the abolition of the franchise accorded to members of Universities—at any rate, in existing circumstances. For one thing, only Masters of Arts are allowed to vote. To become a Master of Arts at Oxford or Cambridge, you do not have to pass an examination, but merely to pay £40 after taking your B.A. Few people, except parsons and lovers of letters after their names, trouble to pay £40 to become M.A. The voters are, therefore, a very small minority of University men—not even a specially distinguished minority.

Limitations of Proxies.

Again, the system of voting by proxy is imperfect. You receive a document which must be attested by a magistrate to whom you are personally known. Moreover, the magistrate must reside in the district where you spent the previous night. Now, you may be away from home and not know the local Shallows. Then you lose your vote. Yet people still go about talking of our democratic institutions!

THE IRISH VOTE.

The *Catholic Herald*, prefacing its remarks by the statement that they "do not imagine that there is anybody alive who cares two straws what Horatio Bottomley thinks on politics or on anything else," honours us with a special article dealing with our recent reference to the Irish vote, in connection with the Constitutional crisis. Our contention was that from a British point of view the Irish vote at the last election should be disregarded, because, admittedly, it is given for a specific purpose. For it must be borne in mind that, after Home Rule, there will still be a British Parliament. Our polite contemporary evidently overlooks that fact.

STILL THEY COME.

Mr. Arthur Strauss, M.P. for North Paddington, told his constituents the other day, "I support the proposal for a Business Government. I object to the practice of having lawyers at the head of the Army and Navy." And Mr. J. M. Henderson, having won first place in the ballot for motions upon going into Committee of Supply, has given notice that he will call attention to the necessity for an Estimates Committee.

"CATCHING THE SPEAKER'S EYE."

Neither Mr. Ginnell nor Mr. Wedgwood can any longer complain of being unable to catch the Speaker's eye. We have reason to believe that he intends to keep it on them.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

It is a rule amongst the Boy Scouts that each of them shall do a kindly act every day, but the other night one of them went to bed very unhappy because he had failed in this respect. Pondering the matter over, however, he heard a mouse in the trap by the wall, and, at once getting out of bed, he rescued the little prisoner—and gave it to the cat!

"JOHN BULL'S" BOOKSHELF.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.
PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public "get" the same pills as Mr Robinson had."
BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose virus, trimmed with glace, with a hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all
MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.
LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do

---

For stating, in the course of the recent Debate on the Address: "I wonder how the hon. gentleman (Mr. Arthur Wilson) or myself would have felt, if, at TWELVE YEARS *of age, we had been pitchforked out of a job, or had wandered about for several months unable to get work of any kind—perhaps with a* WIFE AND CHILD *at home starving,"*

MR. LANSBURY, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

---

*For stating that a "boys' brigade" "*PARTOOK OF THEIR KNAPSACKS *by way of refreshments,"*

THE WORKSOP GUARDIAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. William Patrick was LATELY *injured by being thrown from his horse near Chilthorne* ABOUT 11 YEARS SINCE,"

THE WESTERN GAZETTE (YEOVIL)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Waterford Standard") at a "Catch-My-Pal" meeting: "There had been a good deal of TEMPERANCE WORK *going on in our country, and, with God's help, they were going to see this* GREAT EVIL *removed from it,"*

MISS MORRIS (of Dundalk)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Walsall Observer") that the only stipulation for membership was "that they should be honest, respectable traders PAYING 25S. IN THE POUND,"

MR. F. BROWN
(President of the Walsall Chamber of Commerce)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing photographs of the King and Queen and stating: "The pictures were taken in the House of Lords AFTER THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY,"

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a letter: "Firebrands of NO STANDING *or principle are the* ONLY MEN WHO HAVE LOCUS STANDI *here,"*

MR. L. BADHAM-THORNHILL (of Cleaghmore)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing a poem, of which the initial letter in each line makes the sentence, "THE EDITOR IS AN ASS,"

THE WESTERN MERCURY & SOMERSETSHIRE HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "A FALLING *thermometer and a* HIGHER TEMPERATURE *spoil the outlook for skating,"*

THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing in a list of the "Mauretania's" passengers, "Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Rothschild (prominent CHICAGO MERCHANTS, *and their wives),"*

THE CORK CONSTITUTION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its report of a recent divorce case that Mr. Hemmerde remarked to a witness, "You know it has been stated by Mrs. Willis that HER HUSBAND *went down the stairs of the houseboat at Henley and* SAW YOUR ARM ROUND HIS NECK,"

THE EVENING STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

IS CANADA WORTH KEEPING?—II.

WORLD-WIDE INTEREST IN OUR ENQUIRY.

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS ABOUT TO START.

Our article last week has caused much commotion, both at home and abroad; and, doubtless, when the Canadian mail arrives we shall find ourselves once more the subject of abuse and condemnation. We hope, however, that this time our critics will be more careful than before, and that they will see that the same issues of their journals which declare our statements to be unfounded, do not contain damning proof of their accuracy. Let us repeat our attitude on this matter. We are as proud as any Briton of the Empire which is ours; and we long for the day when all the branches of our race shall be welded into a mighty commonwealth, ruling the destinies and ensuring the peace of the world. But that, at present, is a dream. Much must happen before it becomes a reality. Our Colonies and Dominions must grow and develop, and, like members of the human family, must strike out their own fortunes, more or less independently of the Mother Country. Some of them, by natural law, will form alliances with other branches of the British family—thereby, no doubt, endangering our island prestige; but that is the worst which will happen. We are satisfied that the first to go—if such a phrase may be used—will be Canada. And, by natural law, her alliance will be with America. Let us look this fact plainly in the face, and pocket our pride. The man who cannot read it in the signs of the times must go back to school and learn his political alphabet. *Twenty-five years hence, Canada and America will be one country, or Canada will be an independent Republic.*

It is in these circumstances that we ask whether it is worth our while to try to stop the inevitable event by retaining our dominion over the Canadians, or whether, whilst they are still predominantly British, we should leave them free to unite for all political purposes with their kith and kin over the border. It is a big question, and, as already announced, we are despatching Special Commissioners to help us in answering it.

How England Helps Canada.

It is a common complaint in Canada that British capital might do much more than it has done, or is doing, for Canadian development. That is, of course, in a sense true, but it is a strange complaint to come from Canadian lips. We are reminded of how much England has done for Canada in this direction by figures quoted by Mr. E. R. Wood, the Vice-President of the Dominion Securities Corporation, at the annual meeting of that undertaking held in Canada, on January 10th, and it may be useful to quote some of them. Like all young countries where "lands are broad and men are few," Canada wants population and capital, or we should rather say, capital and population, for capital builds railways, and population follows to take up the lands they make available for occupation. England has given Canada largely of both, but we are now concerned only with capital. Canada herself cannot find that capital. There is as yet no large surplus for investments of a permanent nature. It may be thought that the Canadians have only to go across the frontier to get all the money they want; but the requirements of the United States not only absorb most of the funds available in that country, but make demands for foreign capital. Like Canada, the United States are borrowing abroad. That is why Canadian Bond sales in the United States are a negligible quantity. There remains the European market. It would be useless for Canada to attempt to satisfy her requirements in the Paris or Berlin markets. But there is London, and the appeal to the British investor. Let us see how that appeal has been met, and contrast it with the response from Canada herself, and the United States.

Of total Bond issues amounting to $231,000,590 made by Canada during 1910, no less than $188,070,128, or 81.5 per cent., was found by the Mother Country. Of the Canadian Government issues made in 1910, amounting to $55,000,000, Great Britain took $52,000,000, or 94.55 per cent., Canada $3,000,000, or 5.45 per cent., the United States *nil*. The issues were comparatively small in 1910. In 1909, the aggregate was $96,447,224, but the proportion taken by this country was much the same.

It may be thought that whilst the British investor is willing to take Canadian Government Bonds, Municipal issues cannot be placed here to any extent. Let us see. The securities issued by the Canadian Municipalities during 1910 amounted to $35,748,690. Of the total, Great Britain absorbed $23,355,128, or 65.3 per cent., Canada $12,043,562, or 33.7 per cent., the United States $350,000, or 1 per cent.

Pass to Railway issues. In 1910, there was continued expansion in railway building, which is opening up the Northern and Western areas of the Dominion, and meeting the rapidly growing transportation needs elsewhere, and large issues of railway bonds were necessary to pay for this work. The total issues for the year reached $69,950,000, constituting a record in this class of securities, and of this amount Great Britain took $60,117,500, or 84 per cent., Canada $6,823,500, or 11.7 per cent., the United States $3,009,000, or 4.3 per cent.

So with Public Service Corporation issues. The tramway, light, heat, and power companies issued in 1910 bonds to the extent of $7,945,400, a great falling-off as compared with the $19,960,000 for 1909, but in the one year as in the other, the major part of the money was found in this country, which took $4,850,000, or 61 per cent., as against $3,095,400, or 39 per cent. found by Canada, and *nil* by the United States.

Miscellaneous Corporation issues in 1910 amounted to $56,465,500, of which the amount taken by Great Britain was $42,847,500 or 75.9 per cent.; by Canada, $13,334,000, or 23.6 per cent.; by the United States, $275,000, or .5 per cent.

To summarize: The Canadian Issues of 1910 and what became of them will be found below:—

Issue.	Amount.	Canada.	United States.	Great Britain.
Government	$55,000,000	$3,000,000	—	$52,000,000
Municipal	35,748,690	12,043,562	$350,000	23,355,128
Railway	69,950,000	6,823,500	3,009,000	60,117,500
Tramway, Light, Heat, and Power Companies ..	7,945,400	3,095,400	—	4,850,000
Miscellaneous Corporations	56,456,500	13,334,000	275,000	42,847,500
	$225,100,590	$38,296,462	$3,634,000	$183,170,128
Canadian Corporations operating in Foreign Countries	5,900,000	1,000,000	—	4,900,000
	$231,000,590	$39,296,462 17%	$3,634,000 1½%	$188,070,128 81½%

The Emigration Tragedy.

Now let our readers and our critics read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this letter—from a Toronto correspondent—selected from a sack-full in our possession:—

I am glad to note that one English paper has the courage and independence to tell the truth about Canada as a field

for emigration and to expose the heartless fraud practised upon the poorer class of Old Country people by the hired touters, usually of shady antecedents, sent out by our Dominion and Provincial Governments to entrap emigrants, and their yet more unscrupulous allies, the agents of the steamship companies. As to your exposure of the terrible sufferings of the homesteaders in the West I cannot speak from personal knowledge, as I am not familiar with that region. But from the reports recently published in Canadian journals as to the hardships entailed by the severe weather we are now experiencing—toned down as the latter probably are, so as to avoid "injuring the country"—it is evident that your correspondent's strictures are well founded. There is, however, another and equally important phase of the emigration question to which I would draw your attention—the encouragement and Government assistance given to those coming out as "farm labourers" to settle in Ontario.

"A lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies." It is undoubtedly the case that practically every man who is willing to do rough out-door labour can find work here during the open season. But what the English public does not realise, and what the fraudulent emigration pamphlets and advertisements are careful not to specify, is that the clamour for extra help from the farmers, railroad contractors and others is only temporary. The rush season in the country lasts only a few months, and then in the face of a long and hard winter the unfortunate emigrant is discharged and left to shift for himself as best he can until spring. The Canadian farmer, from necessity if not from natural temperament, is a somewhat close-fisted person. He does not, and in most cases cannot afford to engage help by the year. He has little or no work in the winter time outside of what can be attended to by the family, and rather than pay a hired man for his services on a yearly agreement, he prefers to take his chances of engaging one at a somewhat higher rate for two, three or possibly five months during the summer and harvest time. The result is an invariable shortage of labour during the busy season, when it is necessary to save the crops, and urgent appeals to the Dominion and Provincial Governments to come to the rescue by securing immigrants.

This process has been going on for many years without in the slightest degree relieving the situation. Every fall and winter the great bulk of the "farm labourers"—so called—who in many cases have had no experience and little liking for rural life—drift into the towns and cities to live on odd jobs, or charity. Those who are deserving and industrious manage to obtain steady work after a while, but few, if any, ever return to the farm, and next spring the same old Macedonian cry goes up from the farmers, "Send us out more labour!" Another feature of the subject which strikingly shows the fraudulent character of these appeals for men to work on Ontario farms, is that the rural population of the province, despite all the efforts of the immigration agents, the false promises, the deceptive pamphlets and the efforts of interested capitalists to boom the country, is steadily decreasing—not merely relatively but actually. A large percentage of the farmers have sold their land—or allowed the mortgagees to foreclose—and gone West. Nowhere is the movement from the country to the city more in evidence than in this province. The young men and women will not stay on the farm; at the first opportunity they turn their backs on the homestead and obtain situations in town—where the hours of labour are something shorter than from dawn to dark, and they are paid for their services in real money.

These statements may seem extreme, but they are borne out by official figures. According to the census of 1891, the rural population of Ontario was 1,293,323, in 1901 it was only 1,246,969. Twenty-two of the counties and districts of the province, including some of the best agricultural sections, showed an actual diminution and only 20 a slight increase. Since then, the Western exodus has taken place, and the census to be taken this year will show a still more significant falling off.

Meanwhile Toronto and other cities are being flooded with an influx of unemployed men, many of them recent immigrants—victims of the unscrupulous policy of the Dominion and Provincial Governments. The following paragraphs, clipped from the *Toronto Globe*, will give an idea of present labour conditions in this land, where "everyone can find work."

POLICE SCATTER CROWD LOOKING FOR EMPLOYMENT.

STREET BLOCKED BY MEN WHO GO TO VICTORIA STREET IN ANSWER TO A FAKE ADVERTISEMENT.

A man very much out of breath rushed into Reed's Auto and Taxi Livery on Victoria Street yesterday afternoon and applied for a job as car washer. Close on the heels of this man came others. As the evening wore on the stream grew in volume, until at 7.30 traffic in Victoria Street above Shuter was practically blocked with men, numbering several hundred.

Mr. Charles Reed was out in his automobile during the afternoon, and returned to the livery at 7.30 o'clock. The crowd startled him at first, and he began to roughly total up his fire-losses. Not detecting any smoke about the place he concluded there must have been a fight. He managed to make his way through the crowd and get inside the building, and the crowd, noticing the official air about Mr. Reed, made a dash to reach him. He tried to close the door, but the job-hunters pressed so hard that they broke the double doors open and poured into the livery like water into a flume when the flood-gates are opened. Unaccustomed to such attention, Mr. Reed grew alarmed, and jumping into his machine again made off. Seeing a policeman in front of Massey Hall he appealed to him for aid, and a few minutes later Inspector Cuddy and five assistants arrived on the scene and scattered the crowd.

After being dispersed the applicants for a job rallied again. The livery people turned off the lights in the premises, thinking that perhaps the men would go away, but the more persistent kicked and hammered on the doors until driven away again.

HOMELESS MEN CREATE PROBLEM.

UNUSUALLY HEAVY INFLUX OF UNEMPLOYED IN LAST FEW WEEKS.

"If something isn't immediately done, in the way I have suggested, these men will continue to pour into the city and a serious problem will arise."

Aroused by the gravity of the situation, Mr. Samuel Arnold, secretary of the Associated Charities, yesterday made the above warning regarding the expediency of taking some effective action towards coping with the unusually heavy influx of homeless men in the city during the past several weeks.

"Fraudulent cadgers," said he, "could be exposed if we had some means of ascertaining their true predicament. Such information would be available were the various missions and boarding-houses in the city, where these men stay at night, compelled to keep a register of their lodgers. I think this should be included in the rules regarding the maintenance of cheap lodging-houses which the Medical Health Officer, I believe, is trying to enforce."

Mr. Arnold stated that during the past week or so he had had an unusually large number of appeals for work and assistance. These men, he said, came from various points in the province, particularly from fresh-water ports, such as Owen Sound, Collingwood, Midland, Sarnia and Detroit.

"Two fellows came in here yesterday," continued Mr. Arnold. "They said they hadn't had anything to eat for two days, nor lain on a bed for two weeks. They said they had been sleeping on the benches and the floor of the King Street Mission. Their condition was most offensive. The story these men tell is somewhat difficult to verify, as they are all strangers in the city. Hence the necessity for some organised register."

The only editorial comment of the paper on the situation is contained in the following non-committal paragraph published on the 13th Jany.:—"Two hundred idle men applying where there were openings for only two should be a warning to the unemployed who are inclined to come to Toronto during the winter."

It surely might have occurred to anyone but a slavish supporter of the Government that any "warning" deducible from the occurrence was applicable rather to the authorities, and the interests behind them, who uphold the immigration system, than to its unfortunate victims. Where are they to go in winter if not to the cities? Are they to stay and starve in the fields and woods?

In speaking of the interests behind the immigration policy, prominent among which are the farmers and the steamship companies, the manufacturers must not be overlooked. Under the fraudulent pretext that farm labour is needed, many artisans and mechanics or men who at a pinch can be available for factory work, are brought in. These swell the annual winter influx into the cities and help to flood the labour market, bringing about the result of hungry men always standing around waiting for a job and consequently helping to keep down wages. I trust that you will lay this plain statement of facts before your readers.

"FINDINGS, KEEPINGS"?

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

Some of our readers may have noticed a recent newspaper paragraph in which it was stated that a boy employed at Wyman's bookstall at Denham Station found a purse containing £26, and was rewarded with 2d. by the woman to whom it belonged, who, in remitting this gift, expressed the hope that the boy would rise superior to the temptation of "stickjaw" and hand the money to his mother.

A lady reader writes giving us her own experience. On returning from the West of England she found in a carriage a bag, containing a gold bangle, gold chain, pearl pendant, and purse of money, the value of the whole being, as she estimates, £30. She took them to the station-master, and the owner was discovered to be a Mrs. Edwards, of the Vicarage, Chilcompton, Bath. Of course the lost articles were returned. The lady not having had any acknowledgment, and desirous of giving to a charity any reward which might be offered, wrote to the Rev. Clement Edwards as follows:—

> On Wednesday, December 28th, on returning from the West of England, I found in the railway carriage a leather bag containing a gold bangle, long gold chain, pearl pendant, and cash amounting to over £1. This I handed over to the station-master, and I believe they have been sent on to you as the owner.
>
> The object of this letter is to enquire whether you have safely received the articles, as I have not heard either from you or from the railway company, and seeing that the collective value must be considerable, probably at least £30, I am naturally desirous of ascertaining whether the trouble which I took in regard to the matter has caused them to reach the proper quarter.

To this our correspondent received an answer from Mrs. Edwards, which ran as follows:—

> I have received your letter of yesterday's date addressed to my husband, together with one from the Bristol Divisional Superintendent, asking me to advise you of the safe return of my small bag.
>
> In reply to your favour, allow me to say I am indeed very grateful to you for the trouble you took in this matter.
>
> I was greatly concerned at having left it in the railway carriage, and of course very thankful to receive the same again with all its contents.

To this our correspondent replied:—

> I have your letter of the 6th inst., from which it does not appear that my action in this matter is appreciated.
>
> As mentioned in my last letter to you, the value of the contents of the bag you left behind was considerable, and it is usual in such cases for some kind of consideration to be given for the recovery of such articles.
>
> I would wish to bring this point of view to your consideration, as it seems to me that the transaction requires at all events more consideration than you appear to have given it.

To this letter no reply was vouchsafed and on January 13th our correspondent wrote again asking for a reply and observing that "this matter calls for a little more attention than you appear to have given it." Our correspondent remains without reply and asks us to give publicity to the correspondence, which we have pleasure in doing.

GLASGOW REGULATIONS.

A CRIMINAL OFFENCE TO SELL BREAD!

One of our Glasgow readers invites our opinion upon an incident he describes. He is a shopkeeper in a poor quarter of the City, where, apparently, milk, butter, cheese, pastry, biscuits, and confectionery may be sold until 10 p.m., but not bread. On a recent wet, stormy night, a boy about ten or eleven years of age came to our correspondent's shop about 9 p.m., and asked for a loaf, price 2½d. Our correspondent told him that he was not allowed to sell bread after 8 o'clock, but the boy pleaded that his father had only just come home with the money, that they had no bread in the house, and that there were five of them altogether, hungry, with nothing to eat, and so our correspondent supplied the loaf.

The lad had not gone far on his way home, when two policemen stopped him and brought him back. A week later our correspondent was summoned to appear before the Sheriff, and fined 13s. 6d., it being his first offence, although the boy's statement was quite true.

OH, WHAT A HAPPY LAND IS ENGLAND

THE DUTIES OF A KENTISH "GROOM-GARDENER."

One of our readers recently answered an advertisement in the *Kentish Express* for a "Groom-Gardener," and this is the reply he received:—

> With reference to your application concerning the Groom-Gardener vacancy, I am writing to state that I shall be pleased to give you an interview any morning this week before nine o'clock, but it is useless for you to waste your time coming unless you can clip horses, drive and ride well, keep horses, cart and motor thoroughly smart and clean. You must be able to milk in case of imergency (*sic*), and must be a thorough gardener, both flower and kitchen, and capable of pruning fruit trees. There would be boots to clean and also back door bricks and scullery to wash down once a week.
>
> You would have to be willing and make yourself generally useful should it be required. I would pay 17s. per week and provide you with a house. Your house would be part of my office, which your wife would have to keep clean and have to do the stoves, etc., for which I would pay her 1s. 6d. per week, both winter and summer.
>
> It is no use your coming if your family is small and would be noisy, or if there is any likelihood of any further family, as the attention of my office and moderate quietness is essential.

We trust the advertiser is now "suited."

BUMBLEDOM AT FULHAM.

IS IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT ABOLISHED?

Bumble is still to be seen in Fulham. It is true that he is getting rather a warm time of it, but his skin is thick, and he is putting up with all the abuse of his neighbours as only Bumble can. The following is his latest act of charity:—

A man named Albin Verrall has been committed to prison for 14 days for non-payment of rates. Verrall is a married man, and the father of three children. For ten years he has lived in the same borough, and always paid his rates. For years he was manager in a large store, and a couple of years ago, thinking that he would thus do better, he went into business for himself. It proved his downfall. All the struggling in the world could not make it pay. He had to shut up shop. He paid his creditors, with the exception of his landlord (to whom he owed half a year's rent) and his taxes.

Having lost his business, the man now tried to obtain work, but although he tramped for weeks, from one end of London to the other, he failed to obtain any. Meanwhile, his home had to be sold bit by bit, until just the bare necessaries were left.

There was one sentimental piece of furniture, however, which he retained. It was a piano—of somewhat ancient build—which had belonged to a near relative. His landlord acted in a most exemplary manner. Seeing that the poor man could not obtain work, and that his wife and family were practically starving, he found some odd jobs for him at 18s. a week. At this point in stepped Bumble, who distrained on the piano and sold it for the rates. The sum, however, did not nearly cover the amount due, and therefore a summons was served on the man to appear before the magistrate. According to a letter from the Town Clerk, Mr. Shuter, it appears that the summons was not served upon Mr. Verrall personally, therefore we take it it may have been shoved under the door in the usual slip-shod manner. Mr. Verrall failed to appear, and the consequence was that he was arrested and sent to prison for 14 days. Now we have reason to believe that the rate collector knew and placed the man's true position before the magistrate, yet in spite of this the poor fellow was sent to gaol. As to what the man's family and wife would do, that presumably was no concern of the magistrate's—the dignity of the law must be upheld. We are in the habit of boasting that imprisonment for debt has been abolished!

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii. of Cover.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ARMY BICYCLE.

BASED UPON OFFICIAL RECORDS.

I am only a Government bicycle. I was not born with silver plate on my handle-bars. I am heavy and cumbersome. I have only one gear. But in spite of my insignificance, I feel impelled to give to the world the short, sad story of my life, now being painfully pushed to its inglorious close, the scrap-heap, whither so many of my vital parts have preceded me.

My foster-father is the wonderful official who presides over the Army Ordnance Department. My only solace in a laborious life of Government service is the knowledge that the soothing initials, C.O.O., accompany every inquiry into my health. They claim, I know, to have made a new cycle of me; but, alas! I am not the bike I was, and in spite of the latest crank I am almost a crock.

I had hardly got my first tyres, when my stern foster-father sent me out to earn my living. I was handed to the cruel Colonel of the Biffshires, who in turn gave me over to the inhuman treatment of the post-corporal. This man took a dislike to me from the first. He said he would sooner push a perambulator than be seen with me. He never fed me with any kind of oil, and I longed for the mineral jelly my foster-father used to bestow upon me so lavishly. In spite of the post-corporal's aversion, he used to take me out twice a day, wet or fine, and the red eczema ate into my bones. Finally, one day the climax came. He threw me down in a fit of fury outside the Post Office, and left me spinning in agony on the edge of the kerb-stone. From that day onwards I have been more or less a broken bicycle. My foster-father made tender inquiries, as he always did, when the case was reported to him. He had me doctored and attended to, fed me with mineral jelly again, and in a short time set me upon my wheels. But the cruel treatment I had received caused a rheumatic tendency in my right pedal, and a chronic wobble, in spite of my robust build.

Though now rather an invalid, I was sent out again for duty at the depot of the Fighting Thrusters. I was handed over to the Orderly-room orderly, a man of 15 stone and enormous feet. His name was Bumpus.

At the end of the first week he had so altered the shape of my cranks that the pedals nearly touched the ground. My saddle acquired an unpleasantly sharp edge, which kept others not so well padded as Bumpus from using it. A Private Binks, who was doing duty for Bumpus one day, leapt off in agony, running me into the barracks gate and buckling my front wheel. This was the cause of my second return to the care of my foster-parent, under whose loving directions I was unbuckled, and given new parts where my old ones had been rendered useless.

My visits to hospital became more and more frequent. My life endured from agony to agony, from chain-driven drudgery to amputation and replacement of my shattered limbs, until at last my frame could stand it no more.

Here are some extracts from my history sheet:—

Date of Examination	Date when repairs completed.	Parts required from A.O.D. to make good deficiencies.
1.3.06	31.3.06	Bottom bracket—pump clips—handle-bar, one—saddle pins—rubbers pedals, 4.
6.5.06	25.5.06	Bolts fixing backstay one—saddle pin—nuts, pins, tension mark I.—Pedals, caps, dust 2—spokes, wheel 10.
8.7.06	31.7.06	Hubs—back chain wheel 4 K. I. 44 Teeth.
22.8.06	21.9.06	Balls, antifriction, 24.

I will not pain the reader by inviting him to wade further through the pitiful record of these operations. I will confine myself to giving the final entry, which, alas! postponed my death agony for a fortnight only. I have the grim satisfaction of knowing, however, that I have cost my cruel taskmasters, the Government, exactly double my original price, the operations which have been made upon me during my last terrible year of service nearly equalling my official value.

3.3.10	4.6.10	Frames Mark O, one.

And now come, eternal oblivion! O, Nirvana! surely my life has been worthy of thee.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXXX.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S MARCH FROM CABUL TO CANDAHAR—AND THE WORKHOUSE.

We have inquired into the genuineness of the appeal set forth below and verified its statements at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. It is a case well deserving the support of the charitable. We may add that the authorities of Chelsea Hospital are at one with us in our sympathy, but they explain that they are helpless. They do all they can with the funds at their disposal.

May I please add my plaint to your already long list? I am nearly 60 years old and almost blind. Chronic asthma assailed me some years ago, and the latest verdict by the doctor is that I am in consumption.

I enlisted in the 9th Lancers on June 16th, 1874. I served 13 years in the regiment, 11 of which were spent in India and Afghanistan. I was in the famous march undertaken by Lord Roberts from Cabul to Candahar.

On my discharge (when I held the rank of Sergeant Farrier) I joined the Kent (R.G.) Artillery, in which I served 15 years, two years as a corporal and 13 years sergeant. I was embodied for six months during the South African campaign. Through my constant attendance annually I eventually lost my job as fireman on the cross-Channel boats (Dover to Calais). I was informed by my officers that I should eventually be compensated for this by the receipt of a special pension.

This promise has never been redeemed. I have struggled on through a meagre existence as a luggage porter (outside), until my eyes have at last failed; the asthma has culminated in consumption and I am forced to remain at home. I have now been laid up about three months.

During that time I have made repeated applications, on the advice of apparently influential people, to Chelsea Hospital, Horse Guards, Lord Roberts, and the Soldiers' Aid Society for something in the way of a pension or some temporary help. But all in vain. The only consolation offered is that I am eligible for a small grant from the "Special Campaign Fund" when I am 65 years old.

The hospitals will not take me, and my wife has to do her best for me at home, so she is unable to earn anything, even were the means at hand. I owe a good bit for rent, a condition of things which cannot last much longer—then there is the workhouse.

The writer of "Human Document" CXXVIII. is requested to send us his name and address.

We have received, and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CXXIII.—"Rhoda," 2s.

CXXVI.—"J. A.," Parcel.

CXXVII.—"Rhoda," 1s.

CXXVIII.—J. E. A., 2s.; S., 1s.; "North Pole," 1s.; H. H., 3s.; "A Jewess," 2s. 6d.; "Nemo," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H., 2s. 6d.; R. C., 1s.; "A Draper," 2s. 6d.

CXXIX.—"Honest Freemason," 5s.; H. N., 4s. 6d.; E. K. (Isleworth), 2s. 6d.; "Barnes," 2s.; "Hans," 1s.; G. R., 2s.; R. F. F. H., 5s.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; "Fred," 1s.; "Elstow," 1s.; J. J. J., 1s. 6d.; W. N., 2s.; "Table and Food," 6s.; E. G., 5s.; S. & D., 2s.; Mrs. S. C., 2s. 6d.; "A Mother," 2s.; "Father of Four," 2s.; "Trifle to Help," 1s.; F. B. E., 2s. 6d.; W. N. H., 2s. 6d.; J. G., 2s. 6d.; "A Mother," £5; "Galen," 1s.; "Q. R. P.," 5s.; I. F., 5s.; P. G., 10s.; J. A. H., 2s.

CARTER AND BELL AGAIN.

THE NOTORIOUS FIRM OF SOLICITORS STILL AT IT.

Again we have to direct the attention of the Law Society to the methods of Messrs. Carter and Bell, Solicitors, of Idol Lane. Two cases have recently come before us in which, in preparing affidavits in connection with legal proceedings, they endeavoured to put upon the deponents statements of fact of which they had, and could have had, no personal knowledge, and which statements at the last moment they were compelled to strike out of the affidavits. Calling our attention to this, one firm of solicitors says:—

> This procedure is interesting because we know of no other firm of solicitors who are in the habit of drawing an affidavit setting out facts in their own knowledge and asking their clients to swear it. Our own practice, and that of all other respectable solicitors, is first of all to obtain instructions of the client as to what he can swear and then draw the affidavit.

Is not it about time the Law Society again reprimanded these people? It may be remembered that when they previously did so, it was in connection with the issue of a touting circular, in which Carter and Bell falsely represented that they had been "ordered" to attend certain proceedings.

WHAT THE PIT PONY SAYS.

"BULLER" TELLS US HIS STORY.

We have received the following letter, which me its the consideration of our readers :—

I'm an underground pony, 14.2 high, 5 years old, but look 50; am working 8 hours per shift and work 3 shifts every 24 hours; sometimes I have a day off on Sundays, and sometimes I don't. I'm one of the children of circumstances, and my name is "Buller."

Now, sir, the above is a little preface to my life story. I want to tell you a little of my history, as I know that your sympathetic ears will "listen to my tale of woe" (whoa). My preliminary remarks show that I'm in the prime of life, 5 years old; but why do I look 50? That's explained partly in another remark, viz., the amount of hours I work daily. Fancy 144 hours per week, and sometimes more! The other day, all the country showed their disgust at the inhumanity of the Rhondda strikers, who would not allow the ostlers to go down the mines to feed the starving horses. But what of the scores of my fellows who are treated like myself? A horse may finish dying in a week or so when starving, but it takes months to die in the manner I allude to. Oh, that I were an Arabian steed, instead of a Welsh mine pony.

It's true I go to the stable at the end of every shift, but when I reach there the next shift haulier is there waiting for me, or if not, will soon be, and out I have to go again, and perhaps walk a mile or so before I reach my working place; I should also say that I have a drink of water each time I visit the stable: this is considered sufficient until I reach there eight hours hence, and I have my nosebag filled and hung over my head. I try to snatch a mouthful at each opportunity, and should I manage to get through my bagful, my haulier sends for another, which I have to carry on my poor neck until I can get rid of its contents. This is just how I am dragging out my existence; but "the half has not yet been told."

In my introductory remarks I mentioned my height as being 14.2, but in some of the places I have to work in, an animal of 12 or 13 hands would be too tall.

How do I manage? Well, I have to bend as best I can; even then I cannot bend low enough very often, the result being that my poor shoulders get quite raw and pieces of my vertebræ in sight. Sometimes while "roofing" under low timber, small pieces of stones get inside my collar, and when pulling with all the strength that a whip or "sprag" can command, these little sharp stones are pressed into my flesh. What with those "pricks in the flesh," werricks, and my ever heated collar, my poor breast has become like raw beef, with blood sometimes running down my legs. Sometimes a little oil is rubbed over those sores, but of course there's no time for healing. (Would to goodness that a German sausage manufacturer would send for me!) These low places are a perfect nuisance. Only the other day a brother of mine, working at another colliery, while going under low timber pushed out some. A fall occurred, covering the haulier, eventually causing his death. Of course the usual verdict, "Accidental Death," was returned, the bosses swearing that the place was in good working condition, therefore there was no one to blame.

Another way I and my confrères suffer through working in low places is, holes are made between the sleepers (to make more height), and when picking up one's feet the knees and fetlocks get injured against the edges of the sleepers. Now, sir, is it any wonder that I look 50 years old? But I haven't finished yet. What if you saw my heels, swollen, greasy and stinking, caused by the hundreds of miles I walk weekly with heavy loads behind me, and no time to have them bathed nor cleaned in any manner; aye! and caused by kicks from a heartless haulier very often.

Dear JOHN BULL, you may say, "There are inspectors to see to such matters." I know there are, and I know something else. Many an old horse, in my condition, knows what it is to be hidden from sight during an inspector's visit, pushed into an old, disused stall, with X danger signal outside to prevent anyone coming that way. And there are many other dodges.

It is said that there is such a thing as "oiling" to be had. I wish it came my way.

Should your agent or investigator happen to come to pay me a visit, he will find me working under one of the most prominent and best dividend sharing firms.

THE DUBLIN POLICE AGAIN.

DUBLIN PUBLICANS' PROTEST.

Inspector Wall, of the F Division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, deposed that he had prevented an ex-policeman, already drunk, from obtaining further drink in Dalkey public-houses. He followed the man to Clunan's public-house in Kingstown, where he was served with a penny glass of porter. He then arrested the ex-policeman for being drunk, and brought a case against Mr. Clunan, explaining that he had not time to enter the house and warn the publican before the man had been served. Cadi Drury fined Mr. Clunan ten pounds sterling for having served the penny-worth of porter! Thus is police justice ladled out to the publicans in the F Division of the D.M.P. The ex-policeman is one of those individuals who can be as drunk as Bacchus and yet show no sign of it, and Mr. Clunan, one of the most careful vintners in the county Dublin, believed he was sober. The facts of the case suggest that Inspector Wall set a trap to catch a Kingstown publican. He dogged the alleged drunken man for two miles, at his heels all the time, and was within a few yards of him when he entered the shop. Yet he "had not time to warn the publican" before the porter had been served and half drunk. Rightly or wrongly, there is a feeling among the Dublin publicans and public that if the ex-policeman was drunk enough to merit arrest, he should have been apprehended before he left Dalkey for Kingstown. But that would not have done, since it would have deprived Inspector Wall of some of the laurels he has won from Sir John Ross. The vintners continue to cry "How long?"—and the trade and the people in general wonder when the Irish Party in the House of Commons will consider it their duty to say something about the matter.

THE BLUE *PAPER* SCHOOL?

PITY THE POOR LIEUTENANT!

Someone has sent us, anonymously, a little collection of blue papers, which he must have acquired at considerable cost. They are of recent date, and consist of summaries of the statements of affairs of bankrupts—all lieutenants or ex-lieutenants—in His Majesty's Navy. In almost every case the debtor stated that his pay was insufficient to meet his personal expenses—an allegation which we have no reason to doubt, seeing that the pay of one of them is stated to be but £182 10s. per annum, while another had been retired, owing to ill-health, on a pension of 6s. a day. This niggardly treatment by the authorities of servants holding responsible positions results in tradesmen who have given credit having to face positions such as the following:—Assets (legacy), £200; liabilities, £2,573 15s. 6d. Assets, £40 10s. 10d.; liabilities, £734 0s. 9d. Assets, nil; liabilities, £349 8s. 5d. A further envelope from our anonymous friend encloses another *petit bleu*, in the shape of a polite intimation from the Official Receiver that he had been appointed Receiver of the estate of another lieutenant—nothing is said about the Official Payer.

"THE CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY AGAIN."

We have received from C. H. S. (Wimbledon) 10s. for the benefit of Mr. A. T. Martin, whose sad case, and the way it was treated by the Charity Organisation Society, we referred to in our issue of February 11th under the above heading. We have had much pleasure in forwarding the amount to Mr Martin.

THE "JOHN BULL" BIOSCOPE.

A series of Bioscope pictures, depicting how JOHN BULL and MRS. BULL are produced, is being shown in various towns and cities on the cinematograph of the "John Bull Entertainment." To-day (Thursday) the car will be in Littleport; Friday, Mildenhall; Saturday, Thetford; Monday, Bury St. Edmunds; Tuesday, Stowmarket; Wednesday, Debenham; and readers and their friends in the districts should not fail to see these well-known periodicals "in the making."

A HOUSE OF FURNITURE TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

For Particulars, see NEXT TUESDAY'S

"MRS. BULL."

JOHN BULL'S GARDEN CITIES

Every house should have its garden. Every home should have the finest possible garden. Whatever the size of your garden, Ryders—the Penny Packet Pioneers—relieve you of all seed worry. Their seeds are known the world over for unsurpassed quality, for results which defy competition RYDERS Seeds, whether for flower or kitchen garden, supply all needs.

RYDERS are the gardeners' friend. They provide just the quantity of seeds required and all in penny packets, from "Orchids to Mustard and Cress."

You can surpass your previous records—if you sow RYDERS Seeds.

Beautifying His Country with Ryders P.P. Seeds

This is the important garden period of the year. Have you got your seeds? If not, order now and be ready for sow ng.

What about your seed selection? You will need the new 1911 RYDER Seed Catal gue. If you have it, choose your seeds and order at once. If not, send a postcard now to RYDERS. Catalogues post free everywhere in the world.

Thousands of varieties, all the latest and best strains and hybrids both in flower and vegetable.

RYDERS have only one quality—the BEST.

RYDERS' Seeds are vital and fertile, hence their good results. No matter what you need, order from RYDERS.

NOTE.—RYDERS have no agents and only one address.

RYDER & SON, Seed Specialists, HOLYWELL HILL, ST. ALBANS.

THE BRAVERY OF X412.

A FICTION FOUNDED ON FACT.

By A. Hunter.

Night. Black, mysterious, silent, watchful night!

X412—not a telephone number, but a policeman—stood on his solitary beat, his eyes fixed heavenwards, his hands beneath his cape. What was the meaning of that ecstatic expression that suddenly overspread his face? Had his abstruse astronomical observations resulted in the discovery of a new planet, or was he merely thinking of the cold rabbit-pie with which the comic papers were in the habit of crediting him? Neither. He had just discovered a tobacco pouch that earlier in the evening he had thought to have left at home. There was a convenient doorway near—there always is, you'll find, where a policeman takes up his station—Fate and the hour were propitious for a quiet smoke. Surely the poet was a trifle out when he declared that the policeman's lot was not a happy one!

Reflecting thus, X412 was in the act of retiring into the doorway when a sound fell on his ear. An ominous sound that blanched his cheek through its healthy veneer of tan and caused the pipe to drop from his nerveless fingers on to the pavement.

A footstep.

Not the wavering, undecided footstep, you understand, that covers a deal of ground without making a proportionate amount of progress—not the uncertain, wobbling footstep of a drunken man, but a firm, decided tread that grew steadily nearer as sure and unfaltering as next quarter-day.

X412 knew his neighbourhood well. No waiters or shop-assistants were in the habit of walking home that way: it was therefore tolerably certain the footstep belonged to no one returning from daily toil. Equally certain was it that no sober person with claims to respectability would be out walking at such an hour. This narrowed the field of enquiry down to the night hawk, who is usually, as his name implies, a bird of prey, and certain events that had lately been running in every policeman's mind further sifted matters, till but one conclusion remained in the sieve of our hero's logical deductive powers—one glaring, horrid fact that brought the dew to his forehead and made him forget to stoop and pick up his pipe.

Burglars!

He took out his watch. It was a present from his mother. How well he remembered the old lady's words when he had told her of his intention to enter the force: 'Be brave, my son, and avoid street brawls." Subtle words of advice! The tears started to his eyes as he recalled them, and blurred the figures on the watch-dial so that they ran into one another, as such things will under the pressure of too much liquid. Well, he had always done his best to follow the old woman's advice. And not a braver heart beat in any boots of the whole force than P.C. X412's. His bravery, mind, was of the moral sort which bears, I take it, about the same relation to the vulgar week-day article as a moral victory does to a real win at election-time.

But I am digressing, which is doubtless what X412 would have liked to do. But he thought of promotion, and the neat little slavey who had promised to marry him when he rose to be sergeant. He put away his watch with a sigh—it wanted an hour-and-a-half yet before he would be relieved—and retiring into the convenient doorway concentrated all his energies in the one act of listening to the advancing footsteps.

Hush—sh—sh—sh!

Nearer the sound drew, nearer still. Now there passed him, a tall man, clad in a long, dark cloak and crape mask, concealing the upper part of his face. Surely enough the complete burglar!

The masked man glanced up at the windows, which were all in darkness, stooped quickly and pulled off his boots, then cautiously opening the gate, tip-toed down the area steps and disappeared from view.

X412 stepped from his place of concealment and hied him to the nearest pub. No, dear cynic, it was simply because he knew the landlord kept a telephone.

"You look faint, Constable," remarked the latter gentleman, when at length our hero stood within the bar.

"Don't wonder at that," replied X412, with his mouth to the—wrong again, cynic—telephone. "Is that the Level Road Police Station? Ring off, please," he continued, a trifle impatiently, a moment afterward, as the still small voice came back to the effect that it was the Refuge for Homeless Cats.

Eventually, however, he got his message despatched. The Superintendent at the other end of the wire turned pale with the importance of the news.

"Here, Jones, how many men have we available?" he asked of a subordinate.

Jones, who was just going off duty with a rapturous vision of warmed up stew awaiting him in the oven at home, replied somewhat sulkily that, including himself, some half-dozen men could be placed in the field.

"Of course, we must include yourself," snapped the Superintendent, "and every man who can be spared. I, alas! must stay at my post."

Thereupon, with great promptitude and presence of mind, he telephoned to the Town Hall for more men. On receiving the message, the Chief Constable showing the same commendable qualities as his inferior, rang up the headquarters of the Territorial Force, the Volunteer Fire Brigade, the Coastguard, and the regiment stationed at the local barracks. In a marvellously short time some 300 men were mustered, together with three heavy field pieces of artillery, one fire-engine, two fire-escapes, three maxims, and one obsolete gatling gun, two municipal steam rollers and both lifeboats with crews complete. At the last moment, unfortunately, a message arrived from the barracks, in the name of the colonel, to say that on no account could he permit his men to come out that night. He and his officers had had a heavy field day behind the guns (and partridges), while rank and file were quite worn out, having been on duty all the evening at a regimental whist-drive. So that he must, unwillingly, renounce his share of the honour and glory to his worthy—

The Chief Constable would read no more, but crushed the paper into a ball and flung it from him. He would have gnashed his teeth also, but that, in the hurry of the moment, he had left them in a glass of water on the domestic wash-stand.

"Forward!" he thundered. "We will show them the blue cloth is made of tougher fibre than the red!"

But this speech offended the leader of the Territorials, who had a pretty taste in metaphor, and chose, in spite of the fact that he and his men were clad in khaki, to take the remark as an insult to the military powers which he represented, and very properly refused to budge an inch till an apology had been tendered. This done, the gallant little band got in motion, and, under the guidance of the exultant X412, soon reached the house the burglar had entered. The guns, fire-escapes, engines, etc., were manned, and took up their various positions; the house was quietly but efficiently surrounded. All, in fact, wanting to render the whole thing complete was the burglar himself; and presently he, too, made his appearance in the front doorway. His crape mask was off, but he still wore his cloak and carried deadly weapons of some sort in his right hand. For a moment he surveyed the scene—lifeboats, steam rollers, fire escapes, rows upon rows of helmeted warriors—in consternation, if not terror. Then—

"What in thunder is the row?" he asked.

"It's him!" cried the triumphant X412. "Hands up! A thousand deadly weapons cover your heart. Surrender in the name of the law!"

"Surrender!" echoed the burglar, raising his hands and displaying the boots he still carried in one—the other held a formidable looking sandwich—"What for?"

"Feloniously and burglariously entering a domestic dwelling-house," said the Chief Constable unctuously, "and I warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence——"

"Well, I'm damned," said the burglar—out came the C.C.'s note-book. "'Feloniously and burglariously.' Why, *I live here*——"

Explanations followed. The masked man was a younger son of the house, who, given to dissolute ways, had surreptitiously gone to a fancy dress ball, and, staying late, had tried to return to his home without disturbing the old folks, who righteously regarded such things as dances and latch-keys as inventions of the devil. Of course the fat was in the fire now, both as regards his scheme of secrecy, X412's of promotion, and P.C. Jones's of supper.

New Cycles for Old Ones

There are so many Cyclists who would like to ride a 1911 Sunbeam—the Bicycle that is **MILES AN HOUR FASTER**—that never wears out—that costs nothing for up-keep.

The only obstacle is THE COST. To those the following offer will appeal. To secure proper attention, it must at once be taken advantage of.

A BONA FIDE BUSINESS OFFER.

In the early part of a Cycle Season, we and our Agents make Liberal Allowances for good Cycles of any make when taken IN PART PAYMENT FOR NEW SUNBEAMS.

We should be glad with your permission to instruct our Representative for your District to call upon you, and to quote the utmost price that can be allowed for the Bicycle you are now riding.

If you will fill in the following form and return it to us, the matter shall have immediate attention.

JOHN MARSTON LIMITED

The largest Makers of First-class Cycles in the World. A Private Company.

Head Office: Wolverhampton

Showrooms :—London — Manchester — Liverpool — Edinburgh — Cheltenham — Leicester — Brighton — Bournemouth — Agencies everywhere.

1. *Your Name* .....
2. *Your Address* .....
3. *What Make is the old Machine?* .....
4. *About what date was it purchased?* .....
5. *What price did you pay for it when new?* .....
6. *What is the size of Frame (distance from top of seat lug to centre of crank bracket)?* .....
7. *Is it a Lady's or Gent.'s machine?* .....
8. *What, in your opinion, is its present value?* .....
9. *What make of Tyres? Are they in good condition?* .....

It is understood that the filling in and sending of this form places you under no obligation whatever to purchase.

This Form to be torn out and posted to J. Marston Ltd., 21, Sunbeamland, Wolverhampton.

"ASSISTANT CLERKS."

LAST WORDS—FOR THE PRESENT

"Another Grateful A.C.," after thanking us "for airing the very real grievances of the A.C.'s," wishes to answer two suggestions which appeared in a recent issue. "Firstly," he says, "in answer to the member of the National Union of Clerks, I would point out that we have nothing to gain and everything to lose by joining his association, since we are a body of Civil Servants who obtain our positions by examination and who have a well-organised active association of our own.

"Secondly, in answer to the statement of a hard case in an insurance company's office, I would point out that whilst we know that sweating and underpayment prevail elsewhere, we do not consider our own conditions of employment the less reprehensible in consequence. Moreover, I should like to suggest to both of your correspondents that they do themselves no service by 'queering our pitch' and discounting our agitation.

"Our contention is quite simple. We are Government servants, and the Government claims to be the model employer. Yet we are employed under conditions which do not afford us a living wage, do not permit us to marry, do not give us any hope of promotion (save in the rarest instances), and deny us the privileges of leave and allowances which the merest sorters and postmen in the General Post Office get as a matter of course.

"When promotion comes it turns out to be a mockery. When official changes are made they always mean the same thing, 'more and more responsible work for us and no more pay,' and when at thirty-odd years of age we attain to a maximum which means settled poverty for the rest of our days, we are privileged to see the English provinces and Ireland being scoured for more fools to become 'Servants of the State' on the same terms."

We regret we can spare no more space at present for this subject.

SIR JOHN SIMON ON COCOA DUTIES.

THE TOBACCO SIMILE EXPLODED.

A large leaf-tobacco importer writes:—

In a recent issue you state that Sir John Simon writes that there is no protection on tobacco in England "because you waste a large portion of the leaf in making cigars." The duties in England are: leaf, 3s. 8d.; strips 3s. 8½d.; and cigars, 7s. per lb. There is actually no waste of leaf at all, but only a waste of moisture. It would spoil fine cigar leaf to dry too much, and there is an average of 20 per cent. moisture in all imported. Cigars contain only 14 per cent. moisture, a loss of 6 per cent. The stalks average 22 per cent. of the total leaf, but a duty drawback is allowed on these. Without this protection inside 12 months *not a single cigar would be made in England*, and 7,000 cigar-makers would have to learn another trade or emigrate. No Government dare take the protection away from the tobacco trade; it would provide such an object-lesson of our stupidity.

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

February 24th.—Lord Cromer.

At anchor in the House of Lords—
  At least, so long as Lords remain—
I trust the change some rest affords
  Your lordship's dictatorial brain.

You laboured long for Egypt's good—
  Now longer live in grateful ease;
And when in autocratic mood,
  Pause!—Democratic times are these.

"THE VICES OF VIRTUOUS WOMEN."

SEE THIS WEEK'S

"MRS. BULL."

Sold—and Bought—Everywhere, ONE PENNY.

THE "NOBLE" FIVE HUNDRED.

"Liberal Leagues, Liberal Leagues,
"Liberal Leagues forward!
"Peerages awaiting you,
  "Forward five-hundred!
"Come to your party's aid,
"Titles galore," he said:
"Into the House of Lords
  "Must go five-hundred."

Gorgeous the show they made
In ermine robes arrayed;
What matter though it meant
  Bank accounts plundered?
Theirs not the right to pause,
Theirs not a paltry cause,
Asquith's Bills must be Laws!
Into the House of Lords
  Strode the five-hundred.

Nobles to right of them,
Nobles to left of them,
Nobles in front of them
  Hauteur-encumbered:
Heedless of frigid look,
Boldly they strode and took
Seats on the crimson rows:
Mingling with Lord and Duke
  Flowed the five-hundred.

Flashed all their coronets rare,
Flashed with a brassy glare,
Brilliant as any there,
Dazzling the Chancellor,
  While all the House wondered.

Their latent pride awoke,
Veto vows went like smoke,
Liberal to Tory
Wheeled in a quick revoke,
  Old ties were sundered:
They would stay there—Why not?
  "Noble" five-hundred.

Lansdowne perverting them,
Halsbury diverting them,
Rosebery converting them
  In eloquence thundered:
Proudly their bosoms swell
(For "Noble Lords" sounds so well),
Why ring their own death-knell?
That would be fatuous:
Under the "lotus" spell
They voted with Lansdowne,
  All the five-hundred.

When can the story fade?
Oh! the wild farce they made!
  How Asquith pondered!
Think them not retrograde!
Great wisdom they displayed!
  "Noble" five-hundred.

Chas. T. Melvin.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

ANOTHER "FALL."

(*M. Dubonnet, the famous French aviator, has just got married. He will fly no more, for his wife made it a condition that he should renounce the sport.*)

Here is the tale of old repeated once again,
  The moral of it seek for what 'tis worth;
Man's right of mounting heavenward was surrendered
  When Eve first bound him down to common earth.

PIGEONS OUT OF PLACE.

(*A plague of pigeons is causing widespread destruction to plants and crops, and wholesale slaughter of the birds is called for in agricultural districts.*)

Just where they're not wanted the pigeons abound,
  But to shoot them seems rather a pity;
A welcome for pigeons can always be found
  In that spot where they love them—the City!

Ricardo.

A CHALLENGE

to the Cambridge University Press

A Referendum to JOHN BULL Readers— Which is Really the Best Encyclopædia?

On Monday, the 28th of November, we sent a letter to the Cambridge University Press making them a definite challenge.

This letter read as follows:—

Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C.
Nov. 28, 1910.

Messrs. the Cambridge University Press,
Fetter Lane, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—We note that you are now issuing the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and that you are making vague claims as to its being the best Encyclopædia in the language.

Being a public body, we presume that you are concerned with supplying the best things to the public without consideration as to the amount of profit to yourselves.

Therefore, as the publishers of the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia," we submit that for 90 per cent. of the probable buyers of an Encyclopædia, "Chambers' Encyclopædia" is, from an all-round point of view, incomparably the best.

We challenge you to submit the two—"The Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia"—for judgment as to their value to an independent committee, formed of men such as Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Sir Frederick Treves, the Bishop of London, the President of the Incorporated Law Society, and the President of the Society of Chartered Accountants or any other names that you may suggest. If this representative committee does not decide that, judged by

(*a*) the relative prices of the works,

(*b*) The weight of authority attaching to their respective contributors, and (*c*) the relative quality, usefulness and conciseness of the articles,

the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia" is the best Encyclopædia for 90 men out of 100, we will pay the sum of £200 to the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

Thanking you for an early reply, we are, yours faithfully,
For the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
(Signed) J. S. MALCOLM, Director.

This challenge the Cambridge University Press refuse to accept. Why is it? Can it be because the Cambridge University Press fear the result? Because they themselves know that for ninety men out of one hundred the "Illustrated Chambers'" is the best Encyclopædia on the market, although it costs only one-fourth the price of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"?

WILL YOU BE ON THE JURY?

As the Cambridge University Press will not accept our challenge, we wish to make another attempt to get the question settled. We want John Bullites to form a jury themselves. We want you to help decide this question, to sit on the jury yourself and to say which Encyclopædia is really the best worth buying. After all, John Bullites in their thousands will form a more reliable jury than a few selected specialists.

So will every reader of JOHN BULL who is willing to judge on this question please send us his name and address on this form, or on a postcard, so that we may send him full particulars and an interesting book telling all about the "Illustrated Chambers"? It will be sent you without any expense or obligation, and please do not send any money for postage.

What the Nation's Great Men Say.

We have already received—in fact are receiving every day—letters from well-known men which will help you in deciding this point. We have already published letters from such men as Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Lord Curzon, Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., and Earl Roberts. Here are three more:—

Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., writes on February 10th, 1911:

"I have long regarded 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' as a model of concise and accurate information. The last edition is certainly a great improvement on its predecessors. I have tested the work by referring to a number of subjects on which I have some special knowledge, and have invariably found the information reliable, well expressed, and, above all, up-to-date."

Sir FREDERICK TREVES, Bart., writes on October 20th, 1910:

"I have known 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' for many years, and have found it invaluable. The articles are concise, lucid and very well arranged. I notice the improvements in the new edition, and the fact that in every department the matter has been brought up-to-date. A work of this kind is indispensable to anyone who wishes to be well informed on matters of current interest. It is a compact library in itself."

Sir H. BEERBOHM TREE writes on October 20th, 1910:

"I have always thought that mankind attaches far too much value to the fleeting education of cramming. 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' renders this irksome process unnecessary, for it is ever at one's hand as an excellent substitute for memory. I shall sooner lose my memory than 'Chambers's Encyclopædia.'"

So far we have said nothing of how much an Encyclopædia like "Chambers'" can help you. Perhaps we do not need to, perhaps you yourself realise that you cannot, in the words of Lord Morley, "take up a single copy of a newspaper and not come upon something in it upon which you would consult an Encyclopædia of reference." Do you realise that? Do you realise, also, if you have children that they will grow up better informed and better educated if they have the "Illustrated Chambers'" to go to for information?

We want to urge you to take advantage of this offer of the *Free Book* if there is even the smallest possibility of your buying an Encyclopædia. For we do not want you to buy another, and then have to regret not having first seen the "Illustrated Chambers'." It does not matter whether you want an Encyclopædia now, or might possibly want one in a year's time. Send for the *free book* to-day.

A FREE BOOK

This coupon will bring you, post free, a handsomely illustrated book, telling all about the latest edition of the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia," including particulars of the exceptional terms whereby it is delivered, carriage paid, on a first payment of 2s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Kindly send me free of any charge or obligation your book on the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia."

NAME .....
(Send this form or a postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

HOSPITALITY.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

A recent law-suit turned upon the market value of hospitality. A jury assessed Court functions at £1,000, and private parties at £250. This seems excessive at the first blush. In spite of all my loyalty to the Throne, I don't think I should ever pull out a cool thousand, or, indeed, a thousand of any temperature, for the privilege of perspiring in the Presence. When I have anything to say to my Sovereign, I apply for a private audience. Nor should I care to be jostled by Gold Sticks and Silver Sticks or any other sticks.

Social Life.

As to the ordinary amenities of society, I would gladly pay £250 to escape them altogether. But, alas! there are duties as well as privileges attached to a high position. What a hideous bore the whole thing is, to be sure! Look at all the tedium of running about to distribute pieces of pasteboard with your noble name roundly lithographed; consider the anxiety of possible omissions, which may cause deadly enmities. Your visiting list, your engagement book, the incessant intrusion of untimely dullards, mischief-makers and acquaintances on the make—these are some of the consequences of belonging to Society, some of the first fruits of the pleasure which a British jury estimates at £250.

Private Parties.

What more imbecile form of amusement can be conceived than the form of torture which is known as a party? Persons, otherwise sane, turn their houses upside down, put themselves to huge discomfort, waste considerable sums of money, merely to assemble other persons who have no wish to meet. The only wonder is that they ever succeed in assembling anybody. What happens at a party? You fight your course to a cloak-room, jostle your way upstairs, shake hands with a hostess who is far too much bewildered to recognise you, stand about in hot, crowded rooms conversing uncomfortably with friends whom you could meet far more cheerfully at home—perhaps, with luck, nibble a lobster sandwich and toss off a glass of thin champagne. Is this gaiety, is it wild dissipation, is it even worth while?

Crimps in Clover.

Most hospitality is characterised by some substratum of eating or drinking. In fact, it is either stomachic or alcoholic. The maxim, "feed the beast," applies to other relations than those of husband and wife. If you want to sell a horse or a share or a daughter, you ask a man to dinner and ply him with exciting beverages in the hope of obtaining an advantage over his judgment. From the point of view of manners and morals, you might just as well lure him into a shebeen and poison his beer and pick his pocket. In fact, you are a sort of land-shark in sheep's clothing.

Dismal Dinners.

Of course, some people eat each other's food through kindness of heart. It is, however, a mistaken kindness. Your own cook knows your tastes and needs better than anyone else—for we all have the cooks we deserve. You may also eat at a good restaurant, for the bill of fare affords a choice almost as ample as that of your tradesmen. But when you dine with a friend, you submit yourself to his habits, whims, hobbies, even to his misguided notions of your tastes. You are like a lover of light music who exposes himself to an evening of Rubinstein, or Mozart, or windy Wagner. Do think of your digestion, if you have no respect for your peace of mind. Well might Disraeli call dinner parties "empty artificial nothings."

Boring Brfakfasts.

I know there is an idea that people who mess together indulge in some sort of mystic communion, a faint, far-away analogy of a religious rite. But I am not sure that there is anything even conducive to the auld-lang-syne sort of feeling about many modern meals. Take breakfast. When you come down to it in a country-house, everyone is ugly and grumpy, the room reeks of such horrors as poached eggs, kidneys, sausages, pearl powder. No sane person, except an undergraduate or Mr. Eustace Miles, would ever dream of giving a breakfast-party. Oh! those undergraduate breakfast-parties—how they are seared in my memory! They usually took place at 11 a.m.—when we ought to have been in chapel. The guests were nearly all boating-men, who could talk of nothing but boating—an exhilarating exercise which ought not to be allowed to degenerate into "shop." The table groaned with heavy viands, the air was thick with soporific conversation. I could only munch in silence and sigh for the comparative liveliness of my college chapel.

Lurid Lunches.

There is a certain class of person who eschews breakfast, despises dinner, but concentrates his digestion upon long lunches. He is probably a relic of the far-away time when men dined in the middle of the day. He assembles wits in taverns and regales them with the food of Gargantua and the coruscations of Rabelais. As an experience, it is exhilarating; as a habit, it would subordinate commonsense to conviviality. For my part, I resolutely refuse to remain at lunch one single second after half-past four. Remember the old saw, that lunch is an insult to your breakfast and an outrage on your dinner.

D—— Teas.

Whenever I visit piers and places where they flirt, I notice the mystic legend "Teas." But I have never yet met anyone who could explain the difference between teas and tea. The plural suggests to me a sort of meal where watercress and celery are washed down by stale stews of Ceylon. Such, however, is not hospitality within the meaning of that act. Yet it may be preferable to the more genteel function ycleped a tea-party. That is the pretext employed by such persons as cannot afford to dispense hospitality. Instead of asking you to lunches, dinners, routs, drums, balls, or other jamborees, they invite you to tea. There are two merits about this function, only two. The first is brevity, which does not, however, always involve wit. The second is the fact that 97 per cent. of the guests are women. Indeed, you feel almost like a petty pasha as you hand round bread-and-butter or pour cream over fur capes. But the general effect is tedious. No sooner have you discovered the one dream of your heart and reached the fringe of such congenial topics as Love, Kissing, Divorce or Elopement, than lo! you are whisked away to discuss the farm industries of Denmark with old Lady Blew. It is like that nursery game where everyone is always changing chairs, and you long to move an amendment in favour of Kiss-in-the-Corner or Puss-in-the-Ring.

Cutlet for Cutlet.

I have no hesitation in saying that the effects of modern hospitality are deplorable. In the bad old days, you rode up to any castle at random, blew your horn, and were pressed to partake of the best victuals available. As an Oriental once observed: "We welcome guests because they afford us an opportunity of enjoying good fare too." Now, on the other hand, hospitality is all a matter of calculation. If you accept beer or whisky in a bar at the invitation of a boon companion, you must return his hospitality the very instant you have emptied your glass. Similarly, when you are asked to friends' houses, woe betide you if you forget the number of their invitations and fail to return them to the full. This seems to me to smack rather of commerce than conviviality.

The Last Straw.

Perhaps the absurdest variant of alleged hospitality is that which is attributed to countries. You go to some god-forsaken land, pay through the nose for everything you have, submit to all sorts of annoyances and insults. Then, if you breathe a single word of disparagement, you are held up to horrid execration as the miscreant who violated hospitality! When I have thought it my duty to criticise peoples, nations and languages, foolish bodies have retorted that I ought to have remained longer, mixed more with society, stayed months in country-houses. But good gracious, if I had done so, I should have been far more roundly abused for daring to utter a word of dispraise. National hospitality, forsooth! You might as well harp upon the hospitality of mine host of the "Blue Boar" and taunt me with ingratitude when I quarrel with his liquor I suppose that hospitality originally had something to do with hospitals. Nowadays it only makes me sick.

Robinson's Progress

From Shoreditch to Park Lane.

Robinson is the managing director of one of the biggest businesses in the Kingdom. His real name stands for that business, and everybody knows that he has made it out of his own brains.

Robinson moved into Park Lane last week. Now it is well known that as a little office boy Robinson came up into the City from Shoreditch. So everybody wants to know how he made the journey.

Robinson makes no secret of the fact that it is the constant use and study of one book that has brought him from Shoreditch to Park Lane. All honour to him.

Robinson's First Start.

The firm where Robinson was employed as a boy had a set of the "Business Encyclopædia" lying about the office for the use of the staff. And Robinson, the boy, got into the way of going to it when anything puzzled him about his work.

There was a sudden row one day over a missing letter. There were other boys in the office, but it seemed to astonish the manager somewhat that little Robinson was the only one who was able to explain that under the Card-Index system this particular complication could not occur.

He was put in charge of the letters within a week, and henceforth everything ran like clockwork. Because every system of letter-filing is explained in the "Business Encyclopædia," as well as all details of office organisation and all business information whatever.

This incident convinced him more firmly of the value of the "Business Encyclopædia" to a youth who wants to succeed in business; and he determined to have a set of his own. He bought the "Business Encyclopædia" on the Publishers' famous system of easy payments.

Robinson came across this saying of a great man about this time: "I fear the man of one book."

He made up his mind that the "Business Encyclopædia" should be his one book, not merely by purchase as it was already, but by conquest—by taking everything in it for his own. It is probable also that he made up his mind at this time that his business rivals should fear him, later on, and as soon as he was big enough to have

Business Rivals.

They do fear him to-day—that is certain.

Meantime he was just a very ambitious head office boy. He took a steady course in practical book-keeping. He did not pay heavy fees to a Tutorial Business College; he studied his "one book" at night and wrested the whole art of book-keeping from it.

He got a clerkship on the strength of his book-keeping knowledge. But when he had been clerking quite a long while, it appalled him to consider what a number of men there were who, once becoming clerks, remained at the same dead level for the rest of their lives.

He knew there is a reason for all things, and he saw that nine out of ten of the men around him were fogged entirely as soon as any question outside of the beaten track of the day-book and the ledger arose. More than ever he was convinced that "Knowledge is power" in the business world, as elsewhere.

Before the yearly balance came on, he had grasped the fact that the Balance is the objective of all book-keeping. And so he was able, in the temporary absence of the auditor, to draw up a balance-sheet in a way that drew a compliment from the head of the firm; incidentally this caused a rise in his salary, at the end of the year.

Then he began to study the "Business Encyclopædia" through, page by page; and he took himself back over the ground regularly in order to show himself that he had not forgotten what he had learned.

There was consternation in the firm's office one morning when the news came that the old stager who had attended the County Court for years had dropped dead as he was going to sit down to breakfast.

But as Robinson was able to show that he knew all about County Court work—there are sixty-nine references in the Index under points connected with County Courts alone, and Robinson had mastered them all—he found himself in the County Court within an hour, and using the somewhat difficult County Court knowledge he had made himself master of, with the greatest ease in the world. Incidents of this sort happened frequently.

"The Man Who Knows."

Robinson was sent for as a matter of course when a difficulty arose; and as he studied his "one book" more and more faithfully and intelligently, he was always able to solve the difficulty.

Robinson's chance came at last—as it mostly does come to those who keep themselves ready and fit to take it, all talk about bad luck notwithstanding.

A certain department was in a very bad way—Robinson was made head of this particular department, the arrangement being that he was to be paid by results. He often declared that the next two years were the very hardest he had ever lived, not excepting those first two hard years when the ambitious little office boy came up into the City out of Shoreditch.

But the next change came suddenly. Robinson was made a partner. And as he was now able to put his own ideas into practice, success succeeded to success after this.

And so he moved into Park Lane last week.

Achievement.

It needs no special perspicacity to see that the cause of Robinson's business success up to this was due to the fact that he made himself master of all Business information.

Many men sat near Robinson while he was a clerk—they were equally conscientious, equally sober, equally punctual. Yet these men are clerks still and Robinson is one of the men at the top.

The practical moral of this slight sketch is—that if you want to make money in Business you must know all about Business. The "Business Encyclopædia" is the only work that covers all the knowledge that took Robinson from Shoreditch to Park Lane.

Two Opinions.

1. SIR THOMAS DEWAR, Managing Director of J. Dewar & Sons, Ltd.
"I must congratulate you upon the production of such an excellent work. The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure that before long they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house. Now that we see the Encyclopædia, the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

2. MR. L. C. HORSLEY, CASHIER, MARLBOROUGH ROAD, IPSWICH:—
"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am only sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book, which will be sent to you POST FREE. It contains information of priceless value to the man who means to succeed. It will tell you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, a copy of the book describing "THE BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA."

Name .....
(Send this Form or a postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.)

Address .....

.....

THE PARTY HACK'S PROGRESS.

By "Retlaw."

ACT I.

Scene: *The Library at Worsted Court, Country Residence of* Mr. John Spinner, *Cloth Manufacturer.*

Enter Mr. Spinner *and his son* Jack.

Mr. Spinner: Well, I'm glad to see you 'ome again, Jack. 'Ave you 'ad a good time at Cambridge?

Jack: Rippin'! Might have sweated a bit harder, p'raps; but I never seem to have any time for work.

Mr. S.: Don't you worry about that, me boy. You ain't got to earn your livin', remember. I didn't send you to Cambridge to git a 'igh degree, but to git *tone*, me boy—tone and polish. An' you seem to 'ave got 'em.

Jack: Ha, ha! My dear dad, you'll spoil me, I'm afraid Here am I, twenty-five years old, and as ignorant as they make 'em. No trade or profession in my hands, and not enough knowledge of business to earn me a bare living. Lucky you've got plenty of cash!

Mr. S.: I meant you to be a gentleman, Jack. I've got the money. You've got the polish. That's all I care about. I'm not cut out for society meself, nor never shall be. But I want to see *you* cut a figure with the best. You can do it. You've got the polish. I've got the money. Now, look 'ere. I've got an idea. As you say, you've got no profession or trade in your 'ands. That don't matter. But all the same, a Cambridge chap with tone and polish, and a father worth pretty nigh a million o' money, oughter do *something* for 'is country, eh?

Jack (*helping himself to a whisky-and-soda*): Hear, hear!

Mr. S.: Well, that's what you're agoin' to do. Jack, *you're agoin' into Parliament!*

Jack: Why, I don't know a thing about politics.

Mr. S.: Never you mind about that. You don't 'ave to. All I want to know is this—will you or won't you go into Parliament? *I* ain't got the tone and the polish, or I'd 'ave a cut at it meself. But for you it'll come as easy as kiss me 'and. Will you do it?

Jack: Well, it certainly would be rather fun. Mr. Jack Spinner, M.P. Ha, ha! Sounds all right, dad, eh?

Mr. S.: That's agreed, then. You leave the rest to me, me boy. Now we'll go and tell your mother. It'll please the old lady, I know. She allus was a proud 'un.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene: *Headquarters of the Radiconservative Party.*

Principal Agent *discovered seated at desk.*

Enter Mr. John Spinner.

Principal Agent: Good morning, Mr. Spinner. Take a seat. I got your letter, but could not quite gather what it is you wish to see me about.

Mr. S.: No, sir; I didn't intend you should. Never write a word more than you're obliged, is my motter. But let's get to business. How are your party funds?

P. A.: I'm afraid I cannot answer that question until I see the drift of it. You see, Mr. Spinner, although we know of you by repute as being a very wealthy manufacturer, we do not know you officially as a member of the party. You have taken no active interest in politics, and I am afraid it would be a breach of——

Mr. S.: Don't you worry about that. I s'pose it isn't too late for me to take an active interest in the party, is it? Any'ow, I'm agoin' to. I've come to offer you a handsome subscription—on conditions.

P. A.: This is very good of you, Mr. Spinner—very good indeed. An addition to the party funds is always acceptable. But what are the conditions?

Mr. S.: My son Jack. 'E's jest come down from Cambridge. 'E's twenty-five years old. 'E's got polish and 'e's got tone—fit for the best society. 'E wants to get into Parliament, and I want to see 'im there too. Give 'im a safe seat at the next election and I'll 'and you a cheque for ten thousand 'ere and now. What d'ye say?

P. A.: It's a very handsome offer, Mr. Spinner. I'm sure my party leaders will feel greatly indebted to you. I accept your offer on their behalf. Your son shall be put up for the first safe seat that becomes vacant.

Mr. S.: Then there's no more to be said. Here's your cheque. It's a lot o' money. But I want to see Jack in Parliament. 'E's got polish and 'e's got tone. And it'll please 'is mother. Good-day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene: *The balcony of Shoddyville Town Hall. Large, expectant crowd in street below.*

Enter Returning Officer, *Parliamentary Candidates, and others.*

Returning Officer: The result of the polling is as follows: Jack Spinner, Esq., 4,782; Also Ran, Esq., 3,621. I therefore declare Jack Spinner, Esq., of Worsted Court, Mudshire, to be the duly elected Member for the Parliamentary borough of Shoddyville. (*Cheers and groans.*)

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene: *The Lobby of the House of Commons.*

Chief Radiconservative Whip *discovered pacing up and down. Division bell rings.*

Enter, hurriedly, Mr. Jack Spinner, M.P.

Mr. J. S. (*to Chief Whip*): I say, which am I?

C. W.: You are "Aye" this time, Mr. Spinner. Hurry up, please. [*Exit Mr. J. Spinner, M.P.*

ACT V.

Time: *Twenty years later.*

Scene: *Headquarters of the Radiconservative Party.*

Principal Agent, Chief Whip, *and* Prime Minister *discovered in deep discourse.*

Prime Minister: Well, who else is there?

Chief Whip: I really think something ought to be done for Spinner. He's come into his father's money, you know—close on a million, I hear. He's sat for Shoddyville for twenty years, he's never left the House without pairing, he's never asked an awkward question, he's always voted absolutely straight—in short, is one of our best and most reliable hacks.

Principal Agent: Not only that, he's sure to do the party funds a bit of good if you treat him well.

P. M.: I don't know, I'm sure. You see, he really hasn't brains enough even for a minor Government post. All we can do, I am afraid, is to make him a peer.

Chief Whip: I shall be sorry to lose him.

P. A.: But it might mean twenty-five thou. for the funds!

P. M.: Well, we must study the war-chest.

P. A.: Most important!

C. W.: Undoubtedly!

P. M.: Very well, then. I will recommend him for a peerage. For *political services*, eh?

All: Ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

[Curtain.]

BROUGHT HOME.

[It is necessary that the effects of alcohol should be brought home.—*Report on Physical Deterioration.*]

When next my wife, severe, irate,
In night attire descends to greet me,
Asking "Why, George, are you so late?
Is this the proper way to treat me?"
If speech permits I will retort
"My dear, I'm doing as I ought."

If she should still pursue the theme
And tax me with intoxication,
Upon her anger I will beam
And smile at her expostulation;
Then, staggering to the stairs, I'll say,
"My dear, I'm trying to obey."

If, unappeased, she still should nag,
As on my hands and knees I climb up,
I'll let her tongue unheeded wag
Until I find that safely I'm up;
Then, seated on the topmost stair,
My moral purpose I'll declare

"My dear," I'll say, "the-*hic*-Report
On Physical De-*hic*-eration
Says the effects of drink-*hic*-ought
To be Brought Home. On this-*hic*-casion
I've only tried to do my duty
To England-*hic*-and home and beauty!"

W. M.

DR. MACAURA AND HIS WORK.

CHRONIC SUFFERERS AND THE PULSOCON TREATMENT.

To quote Mr. W. T. Stead, in a contemporary (the *Review of Reviews*, February issue , speaking of Dr. Macaura's "Pulsocon" Treatment given in the instance of certain test cases resulting from a challenge of Mr. Stead's to Dr. Macaura, he says :—

> My own impression from the two days I attended at Clavier Hall is that Dr. Macaura's instrument (the "Pulsocon"), and the way in which it was used by his skilled operators, undoubtedly did produce an immediate relief from pain, and no less immediate, if only temporary, a loosening of the joints. This was effected solely by the application of the "Pulsocon" to the person of the patient.

Again quoting his own address which was given at the end of the second day's public demonstration on his test patients at Clavier Hall, he said :—

> Even if Dr. Macaura can do no more for my suffering patients whom I have brought here this afternoon, I feel well repaid for my pains and trouble. You can see for yourself as well as any doctor can tell you, that all these people came lame and suffering and left very much relieved from pain and their joints much more flexible. For to-day there is an unmistakeable, visible and papable improvement.

What Mr. Stead (who is a journalist of great prominence and reputation) has said, of course cannot for one moment be doubted, especially considering the fact that he directly challenged Dr. Macaura to treat and cure the chronic patients submitted by himself and under the observation of his own private physician.

To quote another contemporary—*P.I.P.*—who published in their issue of February 4th a lengthy article headed "Macaura Vindicated," says :—

> "We have made a close investigation and we are bound to confess that the result of this investigation has been to convince us that Dr. Macaura is doing a great work with his appliances—one which is really entitled to recognition as being something more than a mere business move. . . . We are satisfied that the very unusual claims made have been proved by us to be well founded."

A special reporter of this paper also investigated Dr. Macaura's Pulsocon treatment, a full report of which duly appeared in JOHN BULL, and which has since been quoted in all of the London daily papers.

It is not the intention of the writer to dwell here on any special case of Rheumatism, Gout, Arthritis, Lumbago, Sciatica. Insomnia, Paralysis, or Deafness, &c., that has been treated relieved and cured by Dr. Macaura's "Pulsocon," but to discuss fairly and broad-mindedly Dr. Macaura's claims and the undoubted relief his instrument does afford any sufferer from the above-mentioned complaints in a single treatment, and at the same time touching on the Doctor's methods and his justification of ceasing to supply his instrument unless the sufferer places himself or herself under his supervision for treatment.

No one would ever think of writing to their Doctor merely stating that they had this or that complaint and requesting him to send them medicine. Therefore it is hardly fair to Dr. Macaura that anyone should merely send for one of his machines and use it in a haphazard manner; then, when they fail to receive relief, at once decry the value of the instrument and pronounce it a failure.

It is perhaps to overcome this difficulty—to not take these risks of failures, so to speak—rather than the adoption of the advice of medical friends, that has led Dr. Macaura to decide to cease supplying his "Pulsocon" machine to each and every one for the mere writing and enclosing the price.

This decision of Dr. Macaura's is doubtless an admirable one. Perhaps the sooner he puts it into practice the better both for himself and the sufferer.

But let us get back to the subject of treatment.

Suppose even at this very moment your Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Arthritis or Gout is paining you excruciatingly.

Suppose your insomnia continues to rob you of sleep for nights, yes, weeks at a time, shattering your nerves and ruining your health.

Suppose your deafness under all the scientific specialists' treatment fails to respond, or your paralysed muscles and limbs stubbornly refuse to yield to every known treatment, what are you going to do about it?

Continue to suffer and experiment while your case grows worse and worse, and your general health weakened as time goes on? Surely not!

Dr. Macaura is not a bird of passage, at least, not now. For he has entered into a second and most important stage of his campaign against disease, viz., the opening up of an elaborate and permanent institute at Pembroke Hall, 133 to 135, Oxford Street, W., where the ever-growing demand on the part of the myriads of sufferers among us will be treated and relieved of their pain and suffering, and put on the road to recovery in a surprisingly short time.

It is the fact that this "Pulsocon" instrument of Dr. Macaura's does relieve the most excruciating pain, and loosens stiff joints in a few minutes that has so rapidly convinced the physicians and laymen alike of its unusual curative power. For what could be more convincing, especially to the sufferer crippled with pain and stiffness, than to enter the Doctor's Institute dragging him or herself painfully along and to find themselves freed from pain with loosened limbs after a fifteen minutes' treatment?

PERMANENT RESULTS.

Everybody no doubt wants all they can possibly secure for their money—some of us require even more, and frequently for nothing.

Say you suffer from rheumatism, you go to your family doctor to be treated. What do you usually ask? You ask this:

"Doctor, do you think you can do me any good?"

Does he say outright, "Yes," and guarantee a cure on the spot? Certainly not. He examines you, gives you some medicine or possibly a prescription; to read it you cannot, this literally flabbergasts you. You take it to the nearest chemist and the dose is concocted which to you spells mystery. You go home and you take it, and patiently await the results.

Feeling that you are under your doctor's care, no matter whether the pain goes or not (if you have a pain) you continue to take the medicine with your meals, or before or after, or at regular intervals of one hour or more. You possibly wake in the night suffering the tortures of the damned, but never mind, you are under your doctor's care, possibly with hope, possibly without, but in any case, you have to "wait and see," sometimes a long time.

Now the identical sufferer goes to Dr. Macaura. What do they ask? This we find to be the usual question :—

"Doctor, can you guarantee to cure me?"

Possibly he can, possibly not. Anyhow, this much has been proved. If you are suffering from any of the complaints for which he recommends his instrument and treatment, he instructs one of his skilled operators to give you a treatment, and from the results of this treatment, which invariably and instantly relieves, he leaves you to judge for yourself the benefit of his treatment. There is no Wait-and-See attitude about it.

The two above analogies are identically the same. The patient is in search of relief or a cure, and the physician is doing his best to bring about that cure.

In the one case, the sufferer is content to patiently "wait and see," while in the other, he wants a cast-iron guarantee of a cure. And why? Simply because Dr. Macaura makes specific claims of his ability and the other does not.

If you are relieved by Dr. Macaura's method of treatment, you should have confidence and without forming any preconceived notion. If you repeat the treatment regularly, each treatment brings you further relief, while the previous treatments hold good, in proof of which Mr. Stead's test patients can be referred to (full report of which is published in this month's issue of the *Review of Reviews*), as well as thousands of letters of gratitude now in Dr. Macaura's possession. Many are from clergymen, some from wives of prominent physicians, and ladies and gentlemen of title, while thousands are from poor and grateful sufferers which are after all, the most important. For to us a sufferer is a sufferer be he or she rich or poor, a prince or pauper.

It cannot be denied therefore that Dr. Macaura is doing a really good work, which must carry with it conviction a lasting result and gratification.

Another indication of the good work that is being effected by this "Pulsocon" Instrument is the fact that several Institutes under the management and direction of well-known London Physicians are now established. One which may be mentioned is a certain health home at Grove Court, Totteridge, a place which undoubtedly affords ideal conditions and surroundings for the treatment of rheumatic, nervous and other maladies. This health home it must be noted, however, has nothing whatever to do with Dr. Macaura and his Institute other than the fact that his "Pulsocon" machine and system of treatment is largely employed.

A BOOK THAT TELLS THE STORY.

Dr. Macaura's book tells all about his machine and contains much that is useful to all. It contains a great deal of plainly written and convincing common-sense reasoning and explanation of the various diseases he treats and how they should be treated. This book will be sent free to any of JOHN BULL's readers who enclose two penny stamps for postage.

Until further notice the "Pulsocon" will be supplied at the original cost of 50s., instructions in its proper use by correspondence can also be obtained.

Consultations at the Institute and trial treatments are free, while courses of treatment at the Doctor's Institute can be arranged. The Doctor's hours are from 10 to 5.30.

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Rev. G. H. E. Howell, Curate of St. James' Church, Cheltenham.

REV. FRIEND,—I regret to note your appearance as defendant in the Cheltenham police-court on a charge of aiding and abetting an assault on a boy. If you had any concern in the schoolboy quarrel between young Randall, a former Sunday School scholar at St. James', and another lad, named Kelland, it was a moral concern, and no other. If you had waited to see Randall and had then quoted at him the law of the late lamented Dr. Watts, that children should never let their angry passions rise, their little hands being never made to tear each other's eyes, you would have exercised Christian functions appropriate to the occasion.

But that is not what you did, my rev. brother. You forgot the pathetic verse of the immortal Watts in your desire for the infliction of corporal chastisement on Randall by the irate parent of Kelland. So you apparently waited in the street for the intended victim; there, at all events, you "seized him by the arm and scruff of the neck," and marched him off to the house of Kelland senior, who laid hold of him, commanded him to take off his boots and his never-mention-thems, carried him into a room, and there unmercifully whacked him with a cane while you "waited immediately at hand," and, for all I know to the contrary, offered up a little prayer that though the flesh were being scourged the soul might be saved. For this lamentable error of judgment, or, as some people might think, this aggressive act of interfering impudence, the magistrates fined you £1 and costs, exactly what they charged Kelland senior for giving the boy the whacking. Wherefore I recommend you, my rev. brother, to refrain from such enterprises in the future. They are not included in the duties for which you receive your stipend from the vicar and congregation.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Yates, J.P., Chairman of Magistrates, Oldham.

DEAR DR. YATES,—You have taken the right course in publicly expressing regret for the wrongful conviction by you and your colleagues of a Mr. Henry Ashton, summoned on a charge of driving a motor-car without a licence. I am glad to say that blame does not wholly attach to the bench in the matter. The miscarriage of justice is due to the Oldham police, who over-reached themselves in what I must regard as a too-eager desire to obtain a conviction on a technicality.

I think you will agree with me, sir, that, of all people, the police ought to be most alive to the proverbial danger attending those who dig a pit, but the Oldham police appear to have been reckless in their over-cleverness. When Mr. Ashton drove up to the local police station on December 10th to obtain a new licence, he had mislaid his old one. His own belief was that it had expired on November 5th, and though the officer in charge could not find the record of the old licence when granting the new, he seems to have thought it an excellent idea to summon Ashton for driving without a licence on December 10th. Why this should have been done without the police [illegible] in a position to prove the offence by the production of the old licence, I cannot understand at all. A moment's thought would [illegible] convinced them that if by any chance the defendant found the [illegible]ment and it had not expired, they would have looked as stupid as, in fact, they now seem. Up to the time of his appearance in court, Mr. Ashton was not able to find his licence, and it is not clear how he came to be convicted and fined 10s. and costs by your bench in the absence of the police register, unless he pleaded guilty. He did find the old licence afterwards, and it was then obvious that he should not have been convicted, for on the day the police charged him, the licence had not expired. What is the explanation of the Oldham police for their irregular and, to my mind, improper part in this affair? It is that the officer in charge was new to his work, and that the register of motor licences could not be found by him—being locked up in a drawer! But that explanation certainly does not explain why the summons was issued. The whole business suggests a rather dangerous combination of trickiness with looseness on the part of the police of your borough. The actual harm done in the individual case is small, but it is easy to see that such methods might work very grave injustice.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chief Constable of Liverpool.

SIR,—I beg to direct your attention to a filthy exhibition called "A Museum of Anatomy," in Paradise Street. Ever heard of it? Ever seen it? A few years ago, something like it, but not *quite* so filthy, was opened in Oxford Street, London—and the police made short work of it. I suppose the Bishop and the Rev. Mr. Bartlett are too busy with the Mormons to have noticed this thing, or, of course, they would have called your attention to it. The catalogue of exhibits ranges from a life-sized model showing the "Cæsarian mode of Accouchement" down to "the Face of a Bachelor—a confirmed onanist"—and any youth declaring his age at eighteen and over is admitted. I am not a prude, you know—but we must draw the line somewhere. I cannot help thinking that many Liverpool residents must have complained to you—now they have written to me. 'Nuff said.

JOHN BULL.

To Laurence Ginnell, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

MY DEAR GINNELL,—I listened with great interest to your lengthy speech in defence of your action over the Wedgwood letter, and was much impressed with your sincerity. I am satisfied that in publishing Wedgwood's communication (evidently intended as a personal and private one) you were unconscious of the injustice which you were doing him, and that you equally failed to appreciate the nature of the attack upon the Speaker which it involved. That is why, after the House had unanimously censured you by accepting Ian Malcolm's motion, I proposed that the matter should be allowed to drop.

Like all cranks—and you are a bit of a crank, aren't you?—you are lacking in the sense of perspective; but I am bound to admit that you have driven one more nail—and a fairly long one—into the coffin of the Party system. For that, you have my best thanks.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. Jenkins (Ap Cledlyn), Pantteg.

MY DEAR CHAMPION,—I observe that the Pantteg Mutual Improvement Society—of which I understand you are a leading light—recently held "a mock Parliament"—the Rev. Ben Davies being elected Speaker. In this extemporised assembly you did me the honour of personating me, as the champion of a Business Gover[illegible]ment, and I am horrified to read that you were "speedily on the wrong side of the Speaker's ruling." Like the valiant champion you are, however, you continued to expound your views in a manner which the local reporter is good enough to say "would not have discredited the editor of JOHN BULL." I am, therefore, distressed to learn that you were "ultimately expelled from the House and suspended by the Speaker for six months." What the Rev. Ben Davies would have done with Mr. Ginnell I shudder to think!

I regret that the report before me does not give the head and front of your offending. Did you object to a Welsh solicitor being at the head of the Exchequer? Did you impeach the efficacy of the Welsh licensing laws and other restrictive legislation—dropping a gentle hint as to the statistics of crime, drunkenness and illegitimacy? Or, perchance, you threw out the remark that the mock Parliament of Pantteg possessed almost as much reality as the show at Westminster?

In any case, you suffered in a good cause, and your name will occupy a proud place on the roll of its martyrs.

JOHN BULL.

Editor "Punch."

Very sorry a[illegible]out that cartoon. Know what it is myself to go to press many [illegible]days in advance. Don't always appreciate your humour, but nev[illegible]r doubted your kindness of heart.

BULL.

Redmond, Junr., House Commons.

You are a broth of a boy and a chip of the old block. Hope to hear of grand doings on your part in the Irish House of Commons some day. Meanwhile accept my congratulations on your triumph among the false Saxon spalpeens.

BULL.

Everyone, Everywhere.

Have you seen the announcement on page 307? It shows how you will be able not only to get a couple of seats to view the historic procession but make as well an excellent investment—it is practically eating your cake and having it too! Only, don't delay your application!

JOHN BULL.

"AN EVIL SPIRIT."

THE DOCTOR: "You'll never be any better, John, until you give up *that!*"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

THE RISE IN HOME RAILS—OIL SHARES REVIVING.

The Bank rate is down at 3½ per cent., as I anticipated, and the Russo-Chinese scare is passing away. In the meantime, Home Rails, after a profit-taking fit, are again on the up grade, and Dover "A," specially recommended by me a fortnight ago at 42½, are up at 47⅛ xd., while North Western, Great Western, Midland Deferred, etc., are all showing handsome profits to my followers. And what about Brighton "A," recommended from 90 upwards, now 99¾ xd.? Canadian Pacifics remain strong, and my Toronto correspondent cables strongly urging purchase of Rio Trams (now at 111) for a big rise. Kaffirs and Rhodesians should go ahead in March, but Oil shares are more particularly promising, while even Rubbers are rallying again.

THE GOLDFIELDS' CIRCULAR AND THE CHARTERED REPORT FAIL TO REVIVE SOUTH AFRICANS—RALLY IN RHODESIANS, HOWEVER, CLOSE AT HAND—TIN STRONG.

A sagging movement which has been in progress in the Kaffir Circus was perhaps chiefly induced by some Paris realising, the Bourse being adversely affected by the reported ultimatum from Russia to China, while, moreover, there had been a considerable speculative account open on the Paris Bourse in various stocks, which has now been reduced. Altogether the declines have not been heavy, and as labour is coming in freely on the Rand, it is expected that the output for February and March will be very considerably increased. In fact, it is cabled from Johannesburg that the March profit of the *Modderfontein* and *Bantjes* will show substantial advances. The market has also been somewhat affected by a reaction in *Consolidated Goldfields*, whose new programme of Rhodesian and American enterprises has not by any means been well received by the House; but as far as Rhodesians are concerned, it is obvious that big companies like the *Gold-fields*, *Rhodesia Exploration* and others interested in the movement, are not likely to go into such large schemes merely for the fun of the thing and I feel sure that prices of Rhodesians, from *Chartered* downwards, will move up again in the course of March. Another very favourable *Lonely Reef* cable is to hand, reporting four assays from 1 oz. 12 dwts. to 2 oz. 10 dwts. at No. 6 level. I consider the *Chartered* report very satisfactory, and no doubt some further stimulating news will be provided at the *Chartered* meeting on Thursday next. My advice is, therefore, to stick tight to Rhodesians, and also to substantial Kaffirs. Matters will doubtless assume a more favourable hue after the Settlement. West Africans are in the slough of despond, but their day has to come yet. In the West Australian Market a rally has occurred. *Bullfinch Proprietary* have improved to 2⅜ on Colonial support, reacting to 2⅛; but both *Great Boulder Props.* and *Golden Horseshoe* are better at 18s. 6d. and 3 11-16 respectively. After all the emphatic statements that no more payable ore was being discovered at the bottom of the *Great Boulder*, excellent results are now obtained by the diamond drill at the 2,000ft. level, and the *Golden Horse shoe* is also more fortunate in development. *Mexican Gold Mines* have been sold from Paris, but tin maintains its high values, although fluctuations are sharp, and the price is now in the neighbourhood of 193¾ for cash. It is evident that the London stock is completely under control. By the way, the prospectus of the *Balcobo Tin Mines, Ltd.*, the Spanish tin mine, may now be expected any day. The shares have already been dealt in at a small premium.

MORE ABOUT THE BUKIT SELANGOR RUBBER ESTATES, LTD.

Since the publication of the communication from Kuala Selangor in last week's issue on the two estates acquired by the above company, I have had an opportunity of examining the prospectus of the company, which was issued in February, 1910. The discrepancy in the description of these estates given in the reports and in the prospectus on the one hand, and in my correspondent's statement on the other hand, is extraordinary, and such as to call for the serious consideration of the directors. It seems a pity that no independent report was obtained at the time, as Mr. A. Irving, who has reported on the properties, was interested, at all events, to the extent of one-seventh share in the *Bukit Kotan Estate*, which he had supervised since its commencement. I have not been able to obtain his reports, which were apparently enclosed in the prospectus; but it is but fair to mention that in the prospectus itself the estimated yield of rubber is only given for 1912 (13,500lbs.), for 1913 (33,600lbs.), etc., and no yield for 1911 is mentioned, although my correspondent is under the impression that the production for this year was stated as 22,000lbs.; but as, according to my correspondent (who, by the way, is as well acquainted with the Gold Coast Colony as with the Federated Malay States) only a few pounds could this year be obtained from both estates by tapping trees too young, it is obvious that it is quite impossible that 13,500lbs. will be obtained in 1912. In the meantime, fine hard Para is up at 6s. 8d. spot, Plantation at 6s. 6d. to 7s. The "Bears" are doing their best to keep prices down. Linggis are, however, up at 46s., Anglo Malay at 22s. 3d., while Sampang (Java) are attractive at 2s. 6d.—2s. 9d.

AN ATTRACTIVE MAIKOP OIL SHARE.

The market for Oil shares is distinctly broadening, and although there are a good many fluctuations, and the active periods are usually followed by intervals of profit-taking, one point is becoming more and more prominent—and that is, that petroleum for heating purposes has come to stay, and is already making remarkable progress, so that there is no doubt that in the near future both railways and ships will use oil instead of coal, while its value is also being recognised in many other directions. I am not going to write about the Oil share market generally, but I want to point out that one of the companies to which I drew attention last week, viz., the *Black Sea Oilfields*, stands in quite an exceptional position. The company is really the pioneer on the Maikop Oilfield, and it has had the advantage of striking three producing wells, all of which are spouting, each being capable of yielding about 2,000 tons of oil daily, while eleven additional wells are being sunk. In fact, so prolific have the first wells been that the company has been able to use already, to the extent of 50,000 tons of oil, the storage accommodation which was provided with great foresight. This, of course, means that the company alone can—when it is opened in, say, a couple of weeks' time—keep the *Maikop Pipe Line* going for some time to come. As there is no lack of buyers, it is figured that the *Black Sea Oilfields* will be able during the current year to earn a profit of, say, 50 per cent. The capital consists of £300,000, in 160,000 *Preference* and 140,000 *Ordinary shares* of £1 each, out of which 100,000 *Preference* and all the *Ordinary* have been issued and fully paid. The *Preference* shares carry a non-cumulative dividend, and stand at 1¾, while the *Ordinary* shares are obtainable at about 10s. The *Ordinary*, however, have a special advantage, and that is, that, after the payment of 7 per cent. to the *Preference* shares, they will also receive 7 per cent., after which the surplus profits are to be divided as to 2 per cent. to the *Preference* for each 3 per cent. paid to the *Ordinary* shares. This, of course, means that eventually the *Ordinary* shares would get a larger distribution than the *Preference* shares. The *Ordinary* should, therefore, rise to a higher level. By the way, *General Oil and Finance* shares have improved to 1-16 premium, which is not surprising, as the company owns leases in the Taman Peninsula, Anapa, Maikop, Mexico, California, Trinidad, Ecuador, Egypt, Germany and South Russia, and is about to float off a first subsidiary for a property in the Crimea at once. As the issued capital is small—viz., 250,000 shares of £1 each, 10s. paid, a further advance may be looked for in the near future. Somewhat late in the day, the *Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa* seems to be going into Oil, as they have, according to the registration, undertaken to manage the *Vera Cruz Mexican Oil, Ltd.*, capital £50,000, at a remuneration of £100 per annum.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE RISE IN BREWERIES—A CHEAP SHARE: COLCHESTER ORDINARY.

At first sight, it appears curious that there should have been such a pronounced rise in Brewery stocks, in view of the woeful tales told in one directors' report after another of dividends either diminishing or disappearing altogether; but the reasons are really not far to seek. Owing to the heavy fall in the various debenture issues, the depreciation ranging from 30 per cent. downwards, the leading companies have recently awakened to the advantage of employing their available funds for the extinction of their debenture debt as far as possible. The result of this policy has been a considerable rise in values—and thus we have, for instance, *Hoare Four per Cent. Mortgage Debentures* now standing at 77, against 66 on January 3; *Cannon "B" Debentures* at 77, against 66; *Meux Six per Cent. Debentures* at 76, against 64, etc. Of course, as the debenture debt is reduced, so the annual interest charges come down, and such savings must have a considerable influence upon the outlook for the junior securities. How the market has recognised this fact is shown by the extent of the recovery in the Preferences, *Watney, Combe First Preference*, for instance, now ruling at 69, against 56 on January 3; *Whitbread Four and a half per Cent. Cum. Preference* at 78, against 70; *Cannon Pref.* at 6½, against 5¼; while amongst Ordinary stocks, *Watney, Combe, Reid Pref. Ord.* are at 26, against 16; *City of London*

Ordinary at 15½, against 16, etc. The points now in favour of the Brewery market are the gradual reduction of the debenture debt to a ratio more in proportion to Preference and Ordinary capital; and the reduction in expenses which may be anticipated from the policy of working agreements recently initiated between the *City of London Brewery* and *Hoare and Co.*, and which will probably be followed by other companies, as the opportunity offers. Again, the fact that the Brewery companies have won the day in the House of Lords on the appeal by the Inland Revenue in connection with income-tax assessments, perhaps marks the turning point in the oppressive taxation to which the brewing industry has of late years been subjected. Upon the whole, while no great surprises can be expected in the way of dividends, as the boards of the leading companies will doubtless continue to walk warily, there are some promising speculative investments to be made in this department. For instance, it has been pointed out to me that *Colchester Brewery Ordinary £5 shares* are a good lock-up at about 12s. 6d. The *Seven per Cent. £5 Preference shares*, which are also cheap at 3¼, are receiving their full dividend, and a distribution of 1s. per share was forthcoming on the *Ordinary shares* last September. Of course, the steady extinction of the debenture debt is all in favour of the Preference and Ordinary shares.

THE VALUE OF REDEMPTION AS A BONUS.

There is no doubt that the new issues are in many ways attractive, and older securities are frequently neglected in order to subscribe on the fresh prospectuses, but in the case of *Gilt-edged Securities*, or *Trustee Stocks*, older stocks offer a distinct advantage in cases where they have fallen to a discount. The supply of investments suitable for trustees is comparatively small, if it is a matter of obtaining a fair yield, and trustees, as well as ordinary investors, will do well to consider this question of redeemable securities. These have the advantages of a fixed return, as well as the prospect of a bonus of some sort or other on redemption. One of the principal instances of the manner in which the yield is thus increased is that of *British Corporation Stocks*, many of which stand below par, at which they are redeemable, and the following table shows the apparent and actual yields, allowing for redemption:—

	Interest per cent.	Redeemable.	Yield per cent. per annum Apparent.	Actual
Barnsley	3	1946	3½	4 3-16
Bath ..	3	1934	3½	4½
Bournemouth	3	1933	3½	4
Burton ..	3	1943	3½	4½
Coventry	2½	1957	3 11-16	4 3-16
Harrogate	3	1934	3½	4 5-16
Huddersfield	3	1940	3½	4
Paisley ..	3	1929	3½	4½
Plymouth	2½	1958	3 11-16	4
Portsmouth	3	1933	3 9-16	4

This is, of course, a question for permanent investment, and not for getting short "turns," as only the permanent investor really gets the benefit on the date of the redemption. Similar opportunities are also to be found amongst gilt-edged Colonial Government Bonds, such as *Canada Three per Cent. Registered*, redeemable 1947; *Cape Three per Cent.*, redeemable 1933-43; *Natal Three per Cent.*, redeemable 1929-49; *New Zealand Three per Cent.*, redeemable 1945; *South Australian Three and Three-quarters per Cent.*, redeemable 1934; *West Australian Three-and-a-half per Cent.*, redeemable 1935-55. The apparent yield of these bonds is from 3 5-16 to 3 11-16 per cent. per annum, but the actual yield to the permanent investor, allowing for redemption, is from ½ to ¾ per cent. per annum more. Obviously, however, for the man who changes his holdings frequently, this would not be a promising way of investing.

NEW ISSUE.

RONEO, LIMITED.

This is an issue of 100,000 Six Per Cent. Cumulative Convertible Preference Shares at par, which is made in order to redeem the existing Debentures, and provide £50,000 for further working capital rendered necessary by the increase in the volume of the Company's business. The Company was originally formed in November, 1908, and considerable sums have been expended in improving and extending the buildings, factory, plant, etc. The Company's progress has evidently been substantial, as the sales for the year ended June 30th, 1910, figure up at £170,216, while a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum has been paid on the Ordinary shares, and the Directors estimate that the profits for the financial year ended June 30th next will not be less than £30,000.

THE ANGLO-DUTCH INSURANCE AND INVESTMENT CORPORATION, LTD.

In our issue of October 16th, 1909, we directed attention to the establishment of the First Dutch Insurance Company, which has marked out for itself an insurance business unique of its kind, so far as this country is concerned. The Company has for its object to insure prospective policy-holders against loss by lotteries. Policies issued by the Company bear a number which in certain events might be entitled to a profit of from 2s. 4d. to £353, while the original outlay always remains intact. Each policy is redeemable at par, has a surrender value after a stated period, and a loan value.

This Company, which is an offshoot of a very well-known, old-established Dutch Company, known as the First Dutch Insurance Company, "Lotisico," of The Hague, has now been transacting business in this country for a couple of years, and the public are appreciating in rapidly increasing numbers the advantages of the insurance. The Company does not compete with the ordinary insurance companies. It has marked out a special line for itself, and it is appealing more and more to those who are interested in lottery tickets. It is now proposed to reorganise it, and to change its name from the First Dutch Insurance Company to the Anglo-Dutch Insurance and Investment Corporation, Ltd. We have looked into the details, and so far as we can see the change will be in all respects advantageous to policy-holders.

There were several objections raised to the constitution of the Company as it originally appealed for English support, and it is with the object of removing these objections—reasonable and legitimate objections—that the Company has been reconstituted. In the first place, complaint was made that the First Dutch Insurance Company was essentially a Dutch company, and that any disputes that might arise could only be settled in Holland. We do not know that any disputes incapable of adjustment have arisen, and there is nothing to suggest that if such disputes occurred the Directors of the Dutch Company, sitting in The Hague, all of them men of standing and repute, would be slow to deal with them in a proper way. Still, it is an objection, and a substantial one, that headquarters of an insurance company are in a foreign capital. It is an objection to American Companies doing business in this country, and the objection applies equally to a Dutch company. Then there was another plausible objection which, though it might not mean much in practice, having regard to the character of the parent company, still militates against the English branch of it. The First Dutch Insurance Company had only a limited amount of funds in this country, that is to say, receipts went to The Hague, where all liabilities were met. The Anglo-Dutch Insurance and Investment Corporation will be differently placed. It will be prepared to do a certain amount of life business, and it has deposited with the Board of Trade the £20,000 necessary to enable it to do that business. Its capital will be £60,000, and, in addition to the £20,000 lodged, there will be a guarantee which will approximately be the same as the amount paid up with the existing policies. The Anglo-Dutch Insurance and Investment Corporation will have its registered office in London at 46, Cannon Street, E.C., and in all respects will be an English company.

Some slight changes will be made in the terms offered to policy-holders, and these will be in their favour. For example, the surrender value which in the old Company was £6, in the new will be £6 10s. Loans at the fixed rate of £6 will be obtainable a year after the policy is paid up in full instead of, as heretofore, two years after. Policies will now be issued in London instead of in Holland, which means the avoidance of considerable delay, and the transfer fee will be reduced from 2s. 6d. to 1s. Moreover, whilst on the old Board the English policy-holders were not represented, the whole control being Dutch, in the new company three of the directors will be Dutch and three English.

It will be seen that the new Company has strengthened itself in several ways, all advantageous to the policy-holder. Inasmuch as in the past two years its business shows a satisfactory progress, we do not doubt that now that the new Company has become an English Company, with English Directors upon its Board, and offers very generous terms to those who wish to benefit by its policy, its progress will be even more rapid than it has been in the past.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

OBSCURE INDUSTRIALS.—(1) I do not advise purchase of the shares of the South African Export Company, for which, moreover, there seems to be no market. (2) The same remark applies to Lipagi Nitrate. All recommendations of outside brokers of the type in question should be received with the greatest caution. JACK.—If you consider you have grounds for this assertion, by all means refuse to pay further calls. As union is strength, why not communicate with your fellow-shareholders, and get them to join with you? The list of shareholders can be seen at Somerset House, or the Secretary is bound to furnish you with the same.

HOME RAILS.—L. G. M.—The amount is very small to invest to advantage, but I should think that Midland Preferred would answer your purpose, especially on the moderate reaction.

CORPORATION.—ANXIOUS (Horshnm).—An obscure concern, about which little or nothing is known here. You will find it preferable to connect yourself only with the leading undertakings of this kind.

RAILS, ETC.—J. W. A. D.—(1) Sampangs in preference. (2) Brighton "A" should suit you, especially on any temporary reaction. (4) Yes, North Staffordshire look attractive. (5) This has been forwarded, in accordance with your request.

BROOFIELD LINEN.—P. A. E.—The Preference shares are a fair Industrial holding, but, obviously, not gilt-edged. The contingency in question is too remote to be seriously considered now, but, of course, nobody can judge what will occur in connection with Irish politics.

OOREGUMS.—OOFANTI.—Ooregum are 10s. shares, receiving dividends of 9d. per share quarterly. As the price is 17s., the yield is thus a big one, but, of course, the risks of mining must be allowed for. The exchange in question would not be a bad one. The article on West Africans will be published as soon as that market takes a turn for the better.

MODERATE INVESTMENT.—NOVICE A.—Yes, London County and Westminster Bank shares are a good investment, as are also the Home Railway stocks mentioned in reply to various other correspondents. Such books of reference as you ask for can be obtained from Messrs. Effingham Wilson, publishers, 54, Threadneedle Street, London E.C.

KAFFIRS FOR INVESTMENT.—BASTANTE.—The three shares in question—viz., Princess Estate, Knight Central, and Consolidated Main Reef—are suitable for a lock-up investment. The Van Ryn Deep is still in the development stage, but has considerable possibilities. The low-priced Rhodesians, viz., Belingwe, seem promising.

£800 INVESTMENT.—M. E. T.—Safety being the first consideration, you might put the money into the following securities:—Western Australian 3½ per Cent., at 98; Natal 3 per Cent., at 86; Great Central 5 per Cent. 1881 Preference, at 109.

CHILLAGOES.—J. B.—Chillagoe are an excellent holding and will probably rise to 10s., but, after all, it is a mine, and the usual risks of mining must always be taken into consideration. In the circumstances, I must leave it to you whether you exchange into these shares from Midland Deferred, especially as the latter stocks looks like going up still further.

STOCK DEALINGS.—FARMER.—As a rule, you can deal to better advantage by buying direct through a London broker. North-Eastern would be an excellent holding amongst Home Rails, if it were not for the recurring labour troubles. There are plenty of opportunities amongst oil, rubber, and Kaffir shares, and my articles will give you the necessary hints.

£120 INVESTMENT.—W. T. P.—Have nothing to do with the people, who are outside brokers of a dubious type. For safety, put the money into Western Australian 3½ per Cent., at 98.

FOREIGN INVESTMENTS.—T. B. R. (Sheffield).—All your present investments are good of their kind, including the Canadians. The following selection of foreign investments should answer your purpose:—Japanese 4½ per Cent., at 99½xd.; City of Pietermaritzburg 4 per Cent., at 99; Southern Pacific 4 per Cent. Gold Bonds, at 96; Grand Trunk Pacific Mortgage Sterling "A" Debentures, at 98.

VARIOUS.—J. W.—(1) East Londons are dependent entirely upon whether and when the electrification of the line will be undertaken. (2) I prefer Randfontein Estates or Centrals. (3) This has been forwarded to you.

MISCELLANEOUS HOLDINGS.—ERIN GO BRAGH.—I cannot congratulate you upon your choice of holdings. (1) No market for these gas shares, and not likely to be any. (2) Ditto as regards these obscure mining shares. (3) Have nothing to do with the outside firm, or its recommendations, and deal only through members of the Stock Exchange. H. H. W.—James Nelsons (1), El Oro (2), and Zambesia (3), are all highly speculative holdings, but not unpromising, so long as you remember that you cannot go to sleep upon them.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. T. O.; D. D.—All the concerns in question are outsiders of a more or less dubious type. Have nothing to do with them, or you will be let in. CYMRO.—No, I do not advise speculating through the Anglo-American Investment Trust, who are outside brokers, and this is a mere gamble. You should deal through a member of the Stock Exchange. PHAKIR.—(1) No, this concern is not safe as an investment. It is a mere gamble. (2) Outside brokers whom I cannot recommend. I am sending you the name of a firm of foreign bankers in London, who make a speciality of Premium Bonds. (3) Outside brokers. I advise you to deal through a member of the Stock Exchange. G. P. L.—The reply to the second question is that I have not received any complaints, but that I do not advise dealing with outside brokers of this kind. It is impossible to talk of "safety" in such a case, as these are mere gambles. SCHOOLMASTER.—I am under the impression that your enquiry has already been answered, but I may state that these are fairly respectable outside brokers, though they have the knack of inducing you to buy their own shares, and sell your own holdings, irrespective of merit. I should not advise putting money into the South African concern mentioned. ENQUIRER.—No, the Anglo-American Investment Trust, of 16-18, Daimler House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., are not members of the Stock Exchange, and I do not recommend their system of speculation. W. H. L. L.—Same reply.

CALCUTTA SWEEPSTAKES.—J. A. Y. and E. P. E. S.—This is quite a respectable affair, and a large number of military officers take part in it. You should write to the secretary of the Calcutta Turf Club, Calcutta. G. M. H.—Same reply as to No. 2. With regard to No. 1—the Royal Hungarian Lottery—however, I cannot assist you, as these foreign lotteries are illegal here. Best part of the money, moreover, generally sticks to the fingers of the intermediaries.

OIL SHARES.—ILKLEY.—These shares should recover, but I will try to ascertain the position, and return to the subject. HOPEFUL.—Put the £50 into General Oil and Finance. In view of the important developments pending.

PREMIUM BONDS.—DESLEY (Nightingale Lane), and W. B. (Bexhill).—I am sending you the name of a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, who make a speciality of Premium Bonds, and who will be able to inform you for a small fee which of them have drawn a win. If you want to take in a paper which publishes the current drawings of the bonds, you should subscribe to the *Moniteur des Interêts Materiels*, of Brussels, a fortnightly paper which you can order of Messrs. Davis, of Finch Lane, London, E.C. AMBITIOUS.—It is always a mistake to buy such Premium Bonds by instalments, as you are in the hands of the agents, and, as I have already stated, they charge higher prices than market quotations.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—T. X. C.—The Official Receiver has evidently got your name on the books, or else you would not have received the statement of affairs, but you might as well acknowledge receipt of same, and state to him the amount of your claim.

FORMING A HOUSE PURCHASE SOCIETY.—H. S.—This is not so easy as it looks, and would require strong financial backing. I do not see my way to assist you in the matter. (1) Yes, it depends upon the capital. (3) You will have to consult a solicitor and an accountant.

RIO TRAMS.—F. S.—Rio Janeiro Tramway Light and Power Company is doing exceedingly well, and the shares are advancing, being now quoted 111. The First and Second Mortgage Gold bonds are good investments.

CIVIL SERVICE BANK, LIMITED.—BOOTS.—(1) Certainly not. This bank is not as safe as the Post Office. (2) It is not, of course, in any form guaranteed by the Government. (3) No.

HOMES CORPORATION AND OUTSIDE BROKERS.—PHŒNIX.—(1) I should feel inclined to sell the shares No. 1, but you might try to get a little more. (2) Put the money into Randfontein Central shares, which will pay good dividends. (3) You should not deal through these outside brokers, but only through a member of the Stock Exchange.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.—PANAMA.—(1) Yes, if you carry out such an operation—which, however, is very risky, as the course of prices is more likely to be up than down. (2 and 3) I advise dealing only through members of the Stock Exchange.

DERELICT MINES.—BOX.—(1) No trace. (2) Not known at the Transvaal United Trust and Finance Co.'s London office, 2, Broad Street Place, E.C. (3) Not in existence. (4) This concern was reconstructed for a second time under the title of The Nueva Esperanza Gold Mines, the London office being at 10, Finsbury Square, E.C.

ANGLO-RUASIAN BANK.—J. B.—(1) Yes, well backed. (2) It is too early to judge yet, but I should think that the bank has a fair chance of success.

WESTRALIANS.—S. K. A.—They are under a cloud, owing to recent unfavourable developments, and there are better opportunities in Kaffirs and Rhodesians; see my articles.

INVESTMENTS, ETC.—WOODBINE (Wigan).—(1) Safe enough, although I prefer permanent securities. Home Rails are worth attention again, as a reaction on profit-taking in connection with the settlement has run its course. (2) A further rise in United Alkali shares is possible, in view of the improving conditions in the chemical industry generally. (3) These low-priced oil shares have gone down with the rest of the market. So far, only the principal shares have improved, but when the movement becomes more general the shares in question should also have their turn.

CONSOLIDATED GOLDFIELDS.—CATTARINA.—I do not see any reason why you should change your position at all, and in any case it is is never advisable to put all your eggs into one basket, the more so when the same is of a speculative character.

SOCIETY.—NATIONAL.—I have not much faith in this kind of society, which must be hit by the new land legislation. I distinctly prefer, in fact, investment in sound securities.

PULLMANS; RIO. EX.—T. H. H. 91.—It must be obvious to you that this question depends upon the state of trade, although the infusion of new blood into the management would doubtless help. Take an opportunity to lighten yourself of some of your load. (2) Rhodesia Exploration are a good purchase amongst Rhodesians, as a lock-up.

£350 INVESTMENT.—CAREFUL.—The stock which exactly complies with your requirements is Western Australian 3½ per Cent., at about 98½.

SMALL INVESTMENT.—MACHINIST.—I prefer the big institutions. Take an early opportunity to realise.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA.—R. McP. (Duncon).—Yes, certainly.

SPECIAL OFFER.—L. H. (Herne Bay).—The company to which you refer does a large business, but we should prefer another selection.

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—DR. COOK (Weston-super-Mare).—You need have no fear that this great society will not meet any obligations it may incur.

BRITISH GENERAL INSURANCE CO.—A. G. (Spitalfields).—The company was established in 1904, and does various kinds of insurance business, but not life. We know of no sufficient reason why you should not do what you propose. We return your policy.

BRITISH CROWN INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. M. B. (Yeadon).—Better keep it going.

EQUITABLE HOUSE AND PROPERTY INSURANCE CO.—NORTH (Hurst).—Yes, we think so.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—MAIDSTONIAN (Maidstone).—This association has been established for some 30 years, is financially strong, and is honestly managed.

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—SCOT (Bootle).—The answer to your several questions is in the affirmative.

SELECTION OF COMPANY.—A. D. M. (London).—In the circumstances, the Sun would be as good as any.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO.—J. B. (Blackburn).—Yes, we think so.

TWO ANNUITIES.—E. B. R. (Brighton).—You will have no difficulty in effecting the insurance you desire, but there is such a thing as being too cautious and too anxious. The two companies you name, one an Australian and the other a Canadian, are in the front rank of insurance offices, and you may take it from us that whenever you call upon them to meet an obligation, they will meet it promptly.

FIRST DUTCH INSURANCE CO.—L. G. (London).—We see no statement in the booklet that is other than fact.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.—A. E. S. (Catford).—We cannot help thinking that there is some inaccuracy in your presentment of your case. The Life Association of Scotland is a very high-class office, and we are sure they would not make a claim upon you that was not warranted by their contract with you. At the same time, there are circumstances connected with the matter which—not for a moment assuming bad faith on the part of the Association—are difficult to understand, and if you will call and see us and bring your papers, we will go into the matter with you.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—H. (Birmingham).—All are first-rate offices, but No. 3 gives slightly better results than the other two.

ROYAL CO-OPERATIVE COLLECTING SOCIETY.—KAPIH NETRO (Cowdenbeath).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not do what your letter says you are doing.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—SPECULATION (Walsall).—The company is doing considerable business, and we believe it to be financially sound, but it has its critics.

Gigantic FREE Distribution of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits.

COMPLETE HAIR-GROWING OUTFITS FREE TO ALL.

To Every Person in the United Kingdom a Bottle of Harlene the Hair Specific of Royalty throughout the world, a Packet of Delightful Cremex Shampoo Powder, and Mr. Edwards' Valuable Book on the Famous "Harlene Hair-Drill" to be Sent Without Cost. Readers have only to Fill in and Forward the Coupon below.

£500 IN HANDSOME CASH PRIZES FOR "HARLENE" USERS.

It is with the greatest pleasure that the announcement is made to-day that every JOHN BULL reader—man, woman, or child—in the United Kingdom is to be presented with a magnificent gift, in order to commemorate the Coronation year of their Gracious Majesties King George and Queen Mary!

WHAT THE 40,000,000 GIFTS CONSIST OF

Mr. Edwards, the world-famous hair specialist and inventor of the famous "Harlene Hair-Drill," in order to enable every one of his Majesty's subjects to secure a glorious head of hair, offers, absolutely free, his "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift Outfit, which embraces all that is necessary to at once commence growing, as "the pride of a woman and the adornment of a man," a glorious head of hair!

There is no obligation in any shape or form attaching to the acceptance of this toilet present, which is one of the most useful gifts any man or woman, or any parent, on behalf of the children, can secure.

Mr. Edwards is prepared to give no fewer than 40,000,000 of "Harlene Hair-Drill" outfits, sufficient to supply one to every inhabitant of the British Isles for the asking.

ONE MILLION TESTIFY TO THE BENEFITS OF HARLENE!

One Million testify to the Benefits of Harlene.

Over one million people, up to now, have already been able to personally realise how beneficial the Harlene Hair-Drill Treatment is! Mr. Edwards wishes to extend its benefits in curing baldness, greyness loss of lustre and all diseases of the hair to every person in Great Britain and Ireland or in any part of the world.

THIS GREAT CORONATION TRIPLE GIFT CONSISTS OF

1. A bottle containing seven days' supply of the World Famous Hair Grower and Scalp Tonic, "Harlene," which, the experience of Thousands proves, compels the hair to grow in abundance and luxuriance.

A packet of "Cremex," a specially prepared and delightful shampoo powder, which effectively cleanses the head and hair from all dirt, scurf, dandruff, and other injurious matter, and prepares the scalp and hair roots for the reception of the stimulating effects of the "Harlene Hair-Drill."

3. Mr. Edwards' interesting book which tells you how to grow rich, lovely hair. Mr. Edwards' book is of the greatest value, for even if your hair is in its healthy pristine condition, I will tell you how to preserve it in its natural strength and beauty, while if you are suffering from any form whatsoever of hair trouble you will be clearly informed of how you can completely rid yourself of the same.

If your hair shows signs of greyness or loss of colour; if after brushing the hair in the morning, there are indications that it is commencing to fall out, the prelude to premature baldness, or if you are troubled with scurf or dandruff or scalp worries of any kind, you should at once avail yourself of Mr. Edwards' Great Coronation Triple Gift and restore your hair to its natural luxuriant and pristine beauty.

SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THE BENEFITS OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

If you are wise, you will accept at once this splendid offer and immediately fill in and forward with 3d. stamps to cover the postage, the coupon given below to Edwards' Harlene Company, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

£500 PRIZE CORONATION COMPETITION.

LADIES.—1st Prize, £50; 2nd Prize, £25; 20 Prizes of £1 each; 200 of 10s. each.

GENTS' 1st Prize, £50; 2nd Prize, £25; 20 Prizes of £1 each; 200 of 10s. each.

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

GIRLS.—1st Prize, £25; 2nd Prize £10; 10 Prizes of £1 each; 20 Consolation Prizes of 10s. each.

BOYS.—1st Prize, £25; 2nd Prize, £10; 10 Prizes of £1 each; 20 Consolation Prizes of 10s. each.

Full particulars of this competition can be obtained from your Chemists; direct from Edwards' Harlene Co., on receipt of stamped envelope, or same are enclosed with every sample outfit.

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT COUPON.

To The EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95, and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Not having used your preparation, please send by the following post as a Sample Supply of "Harlene" for the Hair a Free Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, together with one copy of the "Hair-Drill Handbook on Hair Culture." I enclose 3d. stamps to pay the postage of package to any part of the world.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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"JOHN BULL," Feb. 25 1911.

Men's Business-like Boots for rough weather wear.

A pair **12/9**

Carriage Paid in British Isles.

No. 1.—Medium Brown Willow Calf Walking Boot, with neat round toe: all sizes and half-sizes.

No. 2.—Box Calf, open front Derby pattern, Winter Sole, round or full-medium toe. All sizes and half-sizes.

No. 3.—Supple Box Calf, lighter Winter Boot, medium toe only. All sizes and half-sizes.

SELFRIDGE & Co., Ltd.

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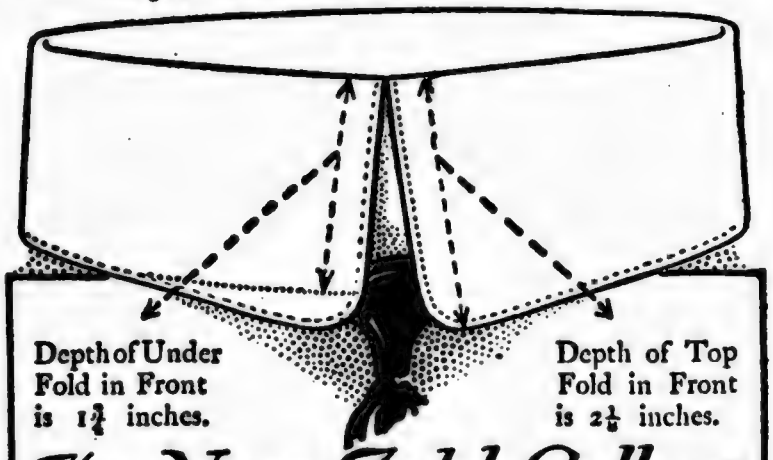
Depth of Both Folds at Back is 1¾ inches.



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Summit 45 is a shallow collar, with a deep appearance. The close straight set to the front accentuates this, and gives to this shape a smart dressy effect. There is plenty of room for a neatly tied cravat. Quarter-sizes—four sizes to the inch from 14 to 18. 'Summit' 45 is on show at our Four shops. ¶ A sample collar with the booklet will be sent post free for 6½d.

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DR. COOK TELLS THE TRUTH.—IX.

THE REAL STORY OF HIS NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

(Exclusive for Great Britain to JOHN BULL.)

We commenced the publication of Dr. Cook's exciting narrative in our issue dated Dec. 31, and have, week by week, given his story of how he attained his ambition the discovery of the Pole. This account of his almost superhuman struggles against the mighty forces of Nature we have printed in his own graphic language. His narrative does not appeal to the geographer alone; his earnest plea is made to mankind at large—not for the laurels to which the undisputed conqueror of the World of Ice is legitimately entitled—but for the verdict that, whether he achieved his life's object or no, he retains his right to the name of an honest man.

After giving Dr. Cook's stirring description of his ecstasy when, convinced by natural phenomena, he arrived at the firm belief that he had at length reached his goal; the reaction he experienced when retracing his steps; his account of the soul-destroying monotony of the Polar night, during which he hibernated with his Eskimos, and the visions which his surroundings conjured up, our last issue brought his story to the point, when, completely exhausted, he reached Annoatok and met Mr. Harry Whitney, who had thought him long dead

THE COMFORTS OF CIVILIZATION AGAIN.

From Whitney I learned that Mr. Peary had reached Annoatok about the middle of August, 1908, and had placed a boatswain named Murphy, assisted by William Pritchard, a cabin boy on the *Roosevelt*, in charge of my stores. Murphy was anything but tactful and considerate, and I found that Mr. Whitney's feelings towards him were not kindly.

Murphy, in addition to taking charge of my goods, had been using them in trading, and this made me thoroughly indignant. Murphy went south in pursuit of furs after my arrival.

The world now seemed brighter. The most potent factor in this change was food—and more food—a bath and another bath—and clean clothes. Mr. Whitney offered me unreservedly the hospitality of his own camp. He instructed Pritchard to prepare meal after meal of every possible dish that our empty stomachs had craved for a year. The Eskimo boys were invited to share, and with the grin of a rising sun on their good-natured faces, things went down in satisfying gulps.

Between meals—or perhaps we had better call meals courses—for it was a continuous all night performance, interrupted by baths and breathing spells to prevent spasms of the jaws—between courses, then, there were washes, real soap and real cleansing warm water, the first that we had felt for fourteen months. Mr. Whitney helped to scrape my angular anatomy and he volunteered the information that I was the dirtiest man he ever saw.

Arrived among their own people, Ah-weh-lah and E-took-i-shuk recounted their remarkable journey. They had, of course, no definite idea of where they had been, but told of the extraordinary journey of seven moons, of their reaching a place where there was no game and no life, and of their hunting, on our return, with slingshots, string traps and arrows. These were their strong and clear impressions. Only the old members of the tribe could recall the days when they, too, had hunted with these primitive weapons.

ESKIMOS UNRELIABLE WITNESSES.

As I learned on my trip southward, the Eskimos had told their tribesmen of their arrival at the mysterious "Big Nail," which, of course, meant less to them than the hardship and unique methods of hunting.

Among themselves the Eskimos have an intimate way of conveying things a method of expression and meaning which an outsider never grasps. At the most, the white man can understand only a selected and more simple language with which the Eskimos convey their thoughts. This partly accounts for the unreliability of any testimony which a white man extracts from them. There is also to be considered an innate desire on the part of these simple people to answer any question in a manner which they think will please. In all Indian races this desire to please is notoriously stronger than a sense of truth. The fact that my Eskimos, when later questioned as to my whereabouts, answered that I had not gone far out of sight of land, was due partly to my instructions and partly to this inevitable wish to answer in a pleasing way.

While they spoke among themselves of having reached the "Big Nail" they also said—what they repeated to Mr. Peary—that they had passed few days beyond the sight of land, a delusion caused by mirages in the belief in which, to prevent any panic, I had with good intentions deceived them.

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PLANNING FOR THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

After staying at Annoatok four days, my greatest desire was to reach home as quickly as possible. I went to Etah accompanied by Mr. Whitney. From Murphy a week's supply of food was taken for which he requested a receipt.

At Etah was a big cache which had been left a year before by Captain Bernier, the commander of a northern exploration expedition sent out by the Canadian Government, and which had been placed in charge of Mr. Whitney. In this cache were food, new equipment, trading material and clean underclothes which Mrs. Cook had sent on the Canadian expedition. To get these supplies to Etah that expedition went one thousand miles from its course. With the new supplies I made preparations for my southern journey.

To get home quickly, I concluded, could be done best by going to the Danish settlements in Greenland, seven hundred miles south, and thence to Europe by an early steamer. From Upernivik mail is carried in small native boats to Umanak, where there is direct communication with Europe by Government steamers. By making this journey, and taking a fast boat to America, I calculated I could reach New York in early July.

Mr. Whitney expected the *Erik*, for which I understood he had paid, to arrive to take him south in the following August. Going, as he planned, into Hudson Bay, he expected to reach New York in October. Although this would be the easiest and safest way to reach home, by the route I had planned I expected to reach New York four months earlier than the *Erik* would.

The journey from Etah to Upernivik is about seven hundred miles. I knew it involved difficulties and risks—the climbing of mountains and glaciers, the crossing of open leads of water late in the season when the ice is in motion, and the dragging of sledges through slush and water.

INSTRUMENTS, ETC., LEFT WITH WHITNEY.

Mr. Whitney, in view of these dangers, offered to take care of my instruments, notebooks and flag and take them south on his ship. I knew that if any food were lost on my journey, it might be replaced by game. Instruments lost in glaciers or open seas could not be replaced. The instruments, moreover, had served their purposes. The corrections, notes and other data were also no longer needed, all my observations had been reduced, and the corrections were valuable only for a future re-examination. This is why I did not take them with me. It is customary, also, to leave corrections with instruments.

In the box which I gave to Mr. Whitney were packed one French sextant; one surveying compass, aluminium, with azimurh attachment; one artificial horizon, set in a thin metal frame adjusted by spirit levels and thumb screws; one aneroid barometer, aluminium; one aluminium case with maximum and minimum spirit thermometer; other thermometers, and also one liquid compass. All of these I had carried with me on my journey.

Besides these were left other instruments used about the relief station. There were papers giving instrumental corrections, readings, comparisons and other notes; also a small diary, mostly of loose leaves, containing some direct field readings, and meteorological data. These were packed in one of the instrument cases. By special request of Mr. Whitney, I also left my flag.

In addition, I placed in Mr. Whitney's charge several big cases of furs, clothing, ethnological collections, and sleeping bags, special boots and clothing which Mrs. Cook had sent. In one of these boxes were packed the instrument cases and notes.

(To be continued.)

"John Bull" on Medical Testimony.

Readers of this paper know that anything it supports is to be relied upon. Thousands of doctors and nurses have testified to the marvellous restorative properties of Hall's Wine. As medical etiquette forbids the publication of professional names in advertisements, "John Bull" has acted for its readers—the following and hundreds of other doctors' and nurses' testimonials have been inspected and are guaranteed genuine and unsolicited by "John Bull."

No. 811.
"I have been suffering from Sleeplessness and took Hall's Wine with most satisfactory results. I am now prescribing it both for Sleeplessness, and as a pick-me-up."

No. 758.
"A great number of times, for several years past, I have recommended Hall's Wine to my patients, and I can remember no case which it failed to benefit."

No. 755.
"I have had most excellent results in prescribing Hall's Wine. It is especially valuable in Debility following Influenza."

No. 864.
"After a severe attack of Depression and Weakness following hard work, I have benefited very much by the use of Hall's Wine, and I have also received immediate relief from Neuralgia. I consider Hall's Wine is excellent."

No. 762.
"I consider Hall's Wine to be the best Restorative on the market, and most useful in cases of insomnia."

No. 856.
"For Neuralgia, Colds, Weakness following Influenza, Hall's Wine can be safely recommended. In my own case, its action has been simply marvellous."

No. 857.
"In cases of Neuralgia I know of nothing that acts so rapidly as Hall's Wine, and since taking it I have improved in every way."

No. 825.
"I am attending a patient who has been prescribed Hall's Wine after a serious illness, and her recovery is simply marvellous. I took three bottles myself, after Influenza, and it did me more good than anything else I had ever tried."

No. 837.
"I can, without hesitation, recommend Hall's Wine to anyone suffering from Insomnia, Anæmia or Nervous Disorders, and as a restorative after illness, I do not know its equal. I speak from practical experience and observation."

No. 845.
"I have taken Hall's Wine myself for some time past, and have no hesitation in saying it is a most Marvellous Pick-me-up. In fact I have never had anything that has restored me so quickly. When on night duty, one gets awfully run down, and your Wine puts new life into me."

No. 819.
"For some time I have been suffering from Insomnia and Dyspepsia. After taking one bottle of Hall's Wine the Insomnia entirely disappeared, and subsequently it cured my Dyspepsia. I shall always recommend it."

No. 770.
"Some years ago I took a bottle of Hall's Wine myself, when I was run down, and found great benefit from it. Since then members of my family have taken it with most satisfactory results, and I have seen good effects with my patients."

No. 841.
"I had been suffering for months from Dyspepsia and Anæmia, and eventually should have had to give up my profession. But I took Hall's Wine and it has proved a most valuable and recuperative agent. I have no hesitation in recommending it to fellow nurses under similar circumstances."

No. 759.
"I am frequently prescribing Hall's Wine, and in every case where I have done so, with excellent results."

No. 820.
"I had been up for practically a fortnight with a patient, and had assisted at a very serious operation the day before. I have felt almost in despair from over-work and nerve strain. As I had to attend an operation the following morning, I thought, having seen the effect of Hall's Wine in some of my own cases, I would try it. I took one glass, lying down immediately afterwards. In half-an-hour I felt a new creature. The feeling of extreme exhaustion had left me, also the pain in my back, and I was able to go on with my duties. In cases where there is difficulty in sleeping Hall's Wine is invaluable, and I cannot speak too highly of it."

No. 769.
"I have known your Hall's Wine for many years, and have often received benefit from it myself."

No. 833.
"I have tried Hall's Wine for Neuralgia, which I suffered from a great deal. I find it gives almost immediate relief, and is a perfect godsend to me, and a patient I am now attending, who was in a collapsed condition after Diphtheria, is taking your Wine with most beneficial results."

No. 751.
"I have had practical proof of the good obtained from Hall's Wine, and always advise it when opportunity offers.

No. 768.
"I have used Hall's Wine myself for many years and frequently recommend it as a Restorative and Tonic, where a reliable Tonic is required."

No. 767.
"I continually prescribe Hall's Wine as a Restorative and Pick-me-up. In fact, I take it a great deal myself."

No. 760.
"I have prescribed Hall's Wine on many occasions, and find it of great value in cases of Anæmia."

No. 810.
"After prolonged convalescence following a serious operation, I went through a course of Hall's Wine myself from which I derived so much benefit that I have since prescribed it in every similar case, with gratifying results. Although I am back at my work again I continue to take Hall's Wine, as I find it an excellent Soporific (night-cap). It gives me great pleasure to add my name to the list of medicals of long practice who value your invigorating wine."

No. 772.
"I have prescribed Hall's Wine in my practice for many years past, with most excellent results. I have several poor patients who I should like to take the Wine, but they are quite unable to purchase it. Would your firm be prepared to give a few bottles in really deserving cases?"

No. 776.
"I have found Hall's Wine very useful for several years, in many cases. I usually keep a bottle in the Surgery."

No. 815.
"I consider Hall's Wine a most magnificent restorative, especially for weakness following Influenza. I have seen patients who seem to recover after taking the first glass. There is no doubt Hall's Wine is the best thing for weakness following illness of any description."

No. 830.
"I have great pleasure in testifying to the great benefit I have derived from taking Hall's Wine. It is a splendid Nerve Tonic, and if taken at night, as prescribed, induces sleep. I have great faith in it as a restorative after illness. I have seen some very rapid recoveries through it."

Hall's Wine is remarkable for the rapidity with which it restores both the physical and mental powers. Its action in Neuralgia and Sleeplessness is frequently immediate. As a restorative and pick-me-up it is described, in the letters we publish, as truly marvellous. After Influenza or any illness there is nothing in the world like Hall's Wine to bring back perfect health.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

I ran down to Englemere, Ascot, the other day, to interview Lord Roberts. I found him strolling in the shrubbery.

"Who are you, and how *dare* you——" began the veteran Field-Marshal.

"Now, Frederick, be careful," I said warningly. "No bluster. No bullying. You are not talking to Tommy Atkins, remember, but to a free and independent citizen of the British Empire."

"What do you want with me?" demanded the Hero of Candahar, half choking with wrath.

"Just to tell you what a large section of the British public, of whom you once were the idol, thinks of you."

"Do you suggest that there is a change of feeling towards me?" asked Lord Roberts.

"There is," I returned. "A positive revulsion of feeling."

"On what account?" demanded Bobs.

"On account of your action with respect to the Edmondson case. The vast majority of the people of this country consider that, notwithstanding the verdict given at the recent trial, ex-Sergeant-Major Edmondson has been shamefully treated, and by no individual more so than by yourself."

"Fudge!" cried the ex-Commander-in-Chief. "What do I care for the feelings of the people about a paltry ex-Sergeant-Major?"

"Nothing, evidently," I retorted, "and that is just what the public don't like. They see an ex-soldier struggling for years to remove the stigma of cowardice from his character. They see him at last successful in bringing his case into the Courts of Justice for public trial, inviting, as only an honest and brave man would do, the fullest inquiry into his character and conduct. They learn how, years ago, *without trial*, you ordered his degradation to the ranks, and how his stripes were torn from his uniform before the eyes of the regiment. They learn how, year after year, since that blackest moment in his life, he has struggled in vain to obtain something in the shape of elementary justice from that monument of military muddle called the War Office. They watch the course of the trial, and note its unsatisfactory and inconclusive finish. Then, throwing the newspapers aside, they say in their heart, 'It is not Edmondson who is the coward, but *Lord Roberts and the War Office officials.*'"

"Call ME a coward?" yelled Lord Roberts, clenching his fists and forgetting his grammar. "ME?"

"Yes," said I, "and for this reason. We know what you are and what you have done. We remember all your gallant deeds in India. We think of all the honours you have won, the countless medals that glitter on your breast, the score of towns of which you have been made free, the thanks that Parliament has accorded you: we think of all these things—and then we see you exerting all your influence, all your weight, all your prestige, to crush an honest man who was only struggling to clear his name of the hateful charge of cowardice. And we say, it is not he, but *you*, who are the coward."

"This is intolerable!" shouted the Field-Marshal.

"They, the public, also want to know," I continued mercilessly, "what was written on those scraps of paper you were constantly handing down to counsel during the trial. You were called merely as a witness for the defence, and the public opinion is that you were a most convincing witness—to the injustice, cruelty, and inefficiency of War Office methods."

Lord Roberts remained silent, gazing a little mournfully at the dead leaves at his feet.

"And so," I continued, "the public have discovered that their idol, Bobs, the Hero of Cabul and Candahar, has feet of clay. How immeasurably higher would you have stood to-day in the estimation of your country if you had but taken the side of justice and truth, and *helped*, rather than *hindered*, one of our country's defenders to cleanse his 'scutcheon of the blot that stains it! . . . You have lost a golden opportunity . . . 'Tenshun! . . . Dismiss!"

And I left him still gazing pensively at the dead leaves at his feet.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Mr. Jarvis."

Have you ever heard of an old-fashioned game called "Bumble Puppy," in which some of the people do the talking, whilst the rest of the crowd tries to guess what it is all about? "Mr. Jarvis" is not a play, nor a story—it is only a quaint, irresponsible game of "Bumble Puppy." Indeed, of the new entertainment at Wyndham's Theatre, it may well be said, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*," for the *mise-en-scene* is perfect in every detail, but, alas! the glories of scenic artists, and the furniture and costumes designed by even such a master as Percy Macquoid, cannot turn a lavish, but pulseless, reproduction of wood, plaster, paint and clothes into a well-written, finely acted, play. Mr. Gerald du Maurier, versatile, magnetic, and charming as he has proved himself to be over and over again as an actor, lacks the breadth and strength for a strong, romantic lover. He has neither the fire nor the passion necessary for characters of this pattern. "Mr. Jarvis" consists of four acts of tedious talk, during which Mr. du Maurier makes you understand that he can speak French, Italian, English, and, I daresay, a good many more languages, but unfortunately the authors of this peculiarly confusing concoction—Messrs. Leon M. Lion and Malcolm Cherry—don't allow him the chance.

A young girl who winds her arms about the neck of a man one moment, vowing that if he were a beggar she would adore him in exactly the same way, appears to be a trifle erratic in her affections when the next minute she calls him a cheat and a liar because he confesses to being no more than a wandering vagabond, instead of a king.

Miss Henrietta Watson as Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, is entrusted with the thoroughly ladylike task of striding on to the stage in a paroxysm of fury and flinging food about the floor in the most tasteful way.

In the last act, Mr. du Maurier harangues a crowd in the street below so violently and so long, that a kind person takes pity on his fellow-sufferers, fetches a gun and shoots him. But the dashing—not much dash—Charles Lebrun, recovers from this too, after he has fallen about the stage for a while and been picked up by the rude young woman who not long before was calling him such unpleasant names. Oh, it's a slack-baked sort of a thing is "Mr. Jarvis," underdone, pasty, and wholly lacking in sustenance. If we are to enjoy romantic drama, let us have it with a healthy crisp crust on it, and a burn here and there would but add a more forcible tone to it.

At the Empire.

"By George" is an excellent *revue*—the best of its kind that London has ever seen, and George Grossmith *fils* has every reason to be proud of his work. Who is Mr. Vernon Watson, the actor who imitates so truthfully those two favourites, Wilkie Bard and George Robey? I have never heard of him before, but I have no doubt he will be frequently discussed in the future for his cleverness. The entire company plays as if thoroughly enjoying itself—and the colouring and the glitter absolutely dazzle you.

A Busy Week.

What with "Bardelys the Magnificent" at the Globe last Tuesday, "Baby Mine" at the Criterion on Wednesday, "The Lily" at the Kingsway this evening, "Loaves and Fishes" at the Duke of York's to-morrow, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Garrick on Saturday, dramatic critics have their time fully occupied. By-the-bye, what has been all the pother at the Duke of York's over "Loaves and Fishes"? I hear things have straightened themselves out now, but at one moment there was a bit of a tangle. The title suggests a "Miracle" play, does it not?

"THE VALUE OF A GUARANTEE"

With reference to our recent article on "The Value of a Guarantee," the Wiener Agency write to us to say that the distraint to which reference was made took place on December 3rd for salary due on December 1st. We stated that this distraint was made on January 3rd for instalment due on December 1st. The Agency also inform us that Mr. Northrop was Editor, not Managing Director. As a matter of fact, Mr. Northrop was Managing Editor.

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68 15 0	99 15 0	18 0 0	21 10 0	33 0 0	32 0 0
91 5 0	295 0 0	21 10 0	14 15 0	20 0 0	22 0 0
60 0 0	69 0 0	21 7 6	18 0 0	£255 5 0	121 10 0
100 0 0	78 0 0	£119 12 6	12 10 0	J.A.	45 0 0
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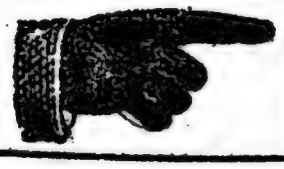

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THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By Allan Sutor.

MR. HALDANE AND THE GOOD, THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL.

Mr. Haldane has been trying to imagine what he would do if he were a German. Well, if he only were, he certainly would not be the Kaiser's War Minister. Nor would he be allowed to deliver speeches on the efficiency of an Army. To have been a successful Chancery lawyer is a test of patriotism which in Germany *would* make them "Hoch!" At any rate, when Mr. Haldane addresses the Territorials as "my children," the Army Council ought to tell him that it will not help recruiting; and that the paternity of the Territorials so comfortably assumed by Mr. Haldane will not help the British public to forget that, as a matter of fact, nearly 100,000 of the Territorials are actually "children," in the sense of being under 21 years of age. But, even if they were able-bodied men, the force would still be invertebrate; the officers and N.C.O.'s are untrained amateurs. That is what is wrong with the Territorials. It is also what is wrong with the Regular Army; the only backbone it has is provided bythe non-commissioned officers. Naturally our great military "experts" do not see this. Their view is that the Territorial Army is a magnificent skeleton, a beautiful scaffolding. Let me, therefore, give you Mr. Arnold-Forster's view of our military "experts." He knew them from without. I have seen them and known them from within. And I can say that I remember only one General who was really great; he was a great stamp collector! The others I remember chiefly because of the amusement and entertainment they provided. In one military mess, the officers had to pass a self-denying ordinance not to mention the name of their great General. This was necessary in the interests of discipline, as it was recognized to be impossible to mention his name without making him the object of perfectly just ridicule. It was also necessary to save Court-martial. Let me give you the opinion of Mr. Arnold-Forster, as expressed in his book, "The Army in 1906": "Ministers constantly depend upon the opinion of professional men in respect to subjects of which their advisers have no expert knowledge whatever. . . . It is submitted that under these circumstances it is greatly to be desired that the country should be furnished with a body of men who are, or who may *in time* become, true experts and that facilities may be given for the creation and growth of a body of opinion with regard to military questions which will command respect because it is the outcome of scientific method and research. We have come to regard expressions of opinion on naval and military questions as merely individual views formed without reference to any particular study and often destined to be contradicted the next day by another professional authority *equally eminent* in the service and *equally unqualified* to come forward as a scientific and informed exponent of any body of doctrine." That is the real problem of the Army—the problem of its leadership. At Waterloo there were only 24,000 British soldiers, but we had Wellington. To-day, however, we think only of numbers. Five Territorials are provided for one German, and our great military "experts" tell us the Territorial Force is a skeleton, a framework, a scaffolding, and there is not enough of it! The truth is, that there is too much. We want a small or nucleus Army so efficient and inexpensive in peace that it will go a long way in war. That is what we have not got.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

In our recent paragraph under this heading, telling how a lord's son had failed to remember a poor man who had saved his life, we mentioned that, according to the man's story, Mr. Spender Clay, Lord Delamere and Mr. Dallas Yorke were all present on the occasion. Mr. Spender Clay informs us, however, that he has no knowledge whatever of the incident.

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The John Bull League.

BRANCH REPORTS.

BIRMINGHAM.—Members should make a note of the whist drive whi h will take place next Wednesday (March 1st' at Rodway's Café, Deritend. The Local Secretary, Mr. J. Parker Crees, of 66, Aubrey Road, Small Heath, has a limited number of tickets to dispose of, price 1s.

BRISTOL.—To-night (Thursday) members will have an opportunity of hearing an address by Mr. Chas. L. Kay, the Secretary for Central Birmingham, at the Grand Hotel, at 8 o'clock. An excellent musical programme has been arranged.

DUNDEE.—As announced last week, ex-Lieut. Allan Sutor will appear at the Gilfillan Hall to-morrow (Friday) night. Recognising the great strides the Branch has made, the President has arranged to be also present and deliver an address. The news of his visit has aroused the greatest interest in the locality, and it is safe to predict that the accommodation of the hall will be taxed to the uttermost.

EDINBURGH.—Taking advantage of his visit to Scotland, the President will address a Public Meeting, in conjunction with ex-Lieut. Allan Sutor, at the Synod Hall on Saturday next (February 25th). This is the first meeting held by the League in the Scottish capital, and a great increase in membership is anticipated.

LEEDS.—A public meeting and concert was held on Thursday, February 16th, in the Temperance Hall, Armley. Mr. Roberts, of Pudsey, presided in the absence of Mr. C. Taylor. After Mr. Fred Bucknall had splendidly rendered the League Song, the Chairman briefly dealt with the work done by the League in Leeds. Mr. H. Pennington then sang "Mountain Lovers," and Mr. Jack Allerton earned much applause for three very humorous songs. Mr. Bucknall next sang "From Oberon." and Mr. W. B. Russell, the Chairman of the Leeds Branch, addressed the meeting on the Objects of the League. His speech was followed with rapt attention, and when he gave several instances of mismanagement in the affairs of the City, due to the Party system, his remarks were applauded to the echo. He spoke of many evils which the League would try to remedy, and concluded with a strong appeal to those present who were not members to join. Many questions were asked and efficiently dealt with. Afterwards Messrs. Pennington and Bucknall sang two ducts very charmingly, Mr. Carl Rozello showed some new and wonderful feats of card manipulation, and Mr. Charles Todd and Mr. Jack Allerton concluded the musical portion of the programme with two very popular humorous items. Of course, the one topic of conversation was the forthcoming visit of the President to the Town Hall on Friday of next week (March 3rd). Full particulars will be found in the announcement on the first page of this issue.

LIVERPOOL.—Encouraged by the success which attended the recent whist drive, the Committee has arranged to hold another on Thursday next at the Assembly Rooms, Hardman Street. Tickets can be obtained from the Local Secretary, Mr. G. S. Haines, of 48, Woodlands Road, Aigburth.

MANCHESTER.—The second of the series of three public meetings already commenced will take place in the Town Hall, Cheetham, on Wednesday, March 8th, at 8 p.m. Several important matters of considerable local interest will be dealt with by the Chairman of the Branch, Councillor Ross Clyne.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Doubtless in view of the fact that he was court-martialled in the district, the visit of ex-Lieut. Allan Sutor to the Town Hall on Thursday next (March 2nd) is arousing exceptional interest. A limited number of tickets for reserved seats are at the disposal of the Local Secretary, Mr. W. N. Rice, of 51, Dilston Road, Newcastle. Prior to the commencement of the proceedings, a recital on the grand organ will be given and the League Song will be sung by Mr. Donaldson Spark.

PORTSMOUTH.—The Parish Institute was well filled on Thursday evening last by an audience which included a large number of naval and military men, when ex-Lieut. Sutor delivered a rousing and intensely interesting address on Army Administration. His criticisms were apparently much appreciated, judging by the frequent applause his remarks elicited. The local Chairman, Councillor Jas. Bishop, J.P., presided and dealt briefly with the objects of the League and the necessity for its existence. The whist drive to be held to-morrow (Friday) at the Mikado, Palmerston Road, Southsea, promises to be a most successful affair. A few tickets (price 1s. 6d., including refreshments) may still be obtained from the Local Secretaries, Mr. J. H. Battersby, L.D.S, of 499, Commercial Road, and Mr. E. Rooms, of 405, Commercial Road.

SHEFFIELD.—The Royal Victoria Hotel will present an animated scene to-morrow (Friday) night, when the Branch holds its first whist drive and dance. From reports which reach us, there is a brisk demand for tickets, which we announced last week were to be obtained from the Local Secretaries at 53, Idsworth Road, Pitsmoor; 258, School Road, Crookes, and 73, Willoughby Street, Firth Park. A most enjoyable evening may be expected.

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that the improvement begun by Scott's thereupon ceased, the patient began to go back, and recovery seemed as far off as ever. But with a return to Scott's the patient has gone ahead again, right through to a splendid recovery. Its curative strength puts Scott's in a class by itself, and makes it worth many times the price you pay for it; Scott's is far the best value of any emulsion on the market.

Send for free sample bottle—enclose 3d. for postage and mention this paper. SCOTT & BOWNE, LTD. 10-11 STONECUTTER STREET. LONDON. E.C.

The exceptional value given by the Midland Furnishing Company is shown by the illustrations on this page. The set of Chairs, consisting of 6 Small and 2 Carvers (the frames of which are made of solid oak and with loose seats covered in any colour patent leather) are priced at £6 16 6, and the Oak Dresser which is 4 ft. 6 in. wide and fitted with drawers and cupboard, as shown, is £6 16 6. The Table, as illustrated, in solid oak to match, is 37/6. This would make the price of the Dining Room complete £15 10 6, and although this furniture is at a very moderate price, the usual "Midland" quality is given.

Oak Suite complete, as illustrated **£15 10 6**

Any article can be obtained from us on our well-known Gradual Payment System, extending over one, two or three years. No extra charge is made or deposit required

Terms:

Worth £				Per Month £ s. d.	Worth £				Per Month £ s. d.
10	0	0	...	6 0	200	0	0	...	4 10 0
20	0	0	...	11 0	500	0	0	...	11 5 0
50	0	0	...	1 8 0	1000	0	0	...	22 10 0
100	0	0	...	2 5 0	2000	0	0	...	45 0 0

or by other proportionate payments to suit purchaser's convenience.

Five per cent. discount is allowed for cash.

Country customers will find a great advantage in dealing with the Midland Furnishing Company, as the fare to town is defrayed on all orders to the value of £30 and upwards.

Carpets and Linos planned and laid free. Country orders packed free and carriage paid.

Our illustrated Catalogue entitled "Furniture and Furnishing" will be sent post free on application.

Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

15, 17, 19, 21 & 23, Southampton Row,

HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

(Six doors from the Holborn Restaurant and Holborn Station (G.N., P. & B. Rly.), 1 minute from British Museum Station (Central London Railway), and 3 minutes from Oxford Street.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Will the Home Rule "measure" be a full one?
Isn't the need of the Veto Bill passing?
Do they call him "Chump" Clark in America now?
Will the Peers do their own "spring-cleaning?"
Does retirement mean that Lord C. Beresford will take a back seat?
Will the Catholics protest against the English Church procession?
Isn't the oyster question still an "open" one?
Has John Burns been struck off the Socialist social list?
Is "The Sedan Chair" intended to carry weight?
Are the new trouser-skirts "breeches of good taste"?
If Russia smashes China, who gets the pieces?

Twelve rear-admirals have commenced to take courses of instruction. Are they *very* much behind?

If brown bread is more nutritious, how much must be taken for a whole meal?

"To read the *Times* is a liberal education," is a line from its own advertisement. We thought it was above Party.

Miss Marie Hall has married her manager. Will the positions now be reversed?

There is no truth in the rumour that the proposed tramcars for women only will be marked "Wo-men."

According to the *Tailor and Cutter*, "tailoring is a business that is capable of yielding a good living in any part of the world." Excepting the regions where they wear nothing but a smile.

"General Baden-Powell as artist," we read. He has had many a brush.

It was a very truthful man who, asked if his wife had not given birth to a son and heir, replied, "No, the little beggar is as bald as a coot."

"He has done everybody," said a detective of a man sentenced at the London Sessions. He is now "doing" time.

Wee Win won a race at Birmingham the other day, but not a penny did we win.

"Loaves and Fishes" is the name of a forthcoming play. It doesn't sound appetising fare.

"A man is known by the chairs that he keeps," says *The Isis*. We would rather judge by his standing.

"Soft soap in golf balls," we read. To ensure a clean hit, we suppose.

According to the *Lancet*, ghost stories may be the result of indigestion. White bred?

A whist drive is being organised on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund. We hope they will get a good deal.

A man was attacked by a rook at Oakhill. We understand there was no caws for the onslaught.

"I'll plead guilty," said a man at Highgate, "but it was a cigar that intoxicated me." Hot stuff!

A number of skeletons have been stolen from an oratory in Cornwall. The thief will not get very fat on them.

A musical decanter is now on sale in London. With Scotch and Irish airs, we suppose.

"Criminals may be divided into two classes," says Mr. Wallace, K.C. Personally, we consider them all "no class."

The title of the new Haymarket production, "All That Matters," gives the unkind critic the opportunity of saying it doesn't.

"The calculating girl has come to stay," a contemporary tells us. Evidently she must be reckoned with.

"Are Schoolgirls Too Athletic?" asks a morning paper. We don't know, but they always seem to be up to some game or other.

"The Girl in the Train" has reached its 250th performance. The young lady is evidently travelling first-class.

"The Bankruptcy Court is a place which tries the mettle of a man," says Mr. David Lyall. It certainly forces him to show his metal.

A number of skeletons have been stolen from St. Piran's Oratory, Cornwall. A dead loss.

BOOKS TO BE SHELVED:—
"The Simple Life, Limited." Poor fare.
"The Lion's Skin." A good "take-off."
"The Camera Fiend." Shocking exposures.
"Some Small Houses." Rather cramped.
"The Ring of Ug." The story of a lost "aitch."
"Balance Sheets." Should show a profit.
"The Story of the Carol." A note-able performance.
"Twelve Types." A printer's error.
"The Money-Spider." Spun out.
"At a Venture." The author scores.
"A Gentleman of the Road." A "taking" character.
"The Pearl Necklace." Well strung together.

A Copy of this Prospectus has been filed for registration with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST OPENED TUESDAY, the 21st FEB., 1911, and will CLOSE for Town and Country on or before THURSDAY, the 23rd FEB., 1911.

RONEO, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1907.

CAPITAL - - - £325,000.

Divided into 100,000 6 per Cent. Cumulative Convertible Preference Shares of £1 each and 225,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

Of which 175,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each are fully paid, and 50,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each are 4s. paid.

Issue of 100,000 6 per cent. CUMULATIVE CONVERTIBLE SHARES at PAR.

Messrs. WHEATER, CORNWALLIS-WEST & CO., Pinners Hall, London, E.C., having underwritten the whole of this amount, the Shares are now offered for subscription.

Payable as follows:—2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment, 5s. per Share on 1st April, 1911, 5s. per Share on 1st June, 1911.

These Preference Shares are also Preferential as to Capital, and will be convertible, when fully paid, into Ordinary Shares at the option of the holder until 31st December, 1911, upon payment of 1s. per Share.

The amount thus realised will be credited to a Reserve Fund.

SHARES OF EITHER CLASS ENTITLE THE HOLDER TO ONE VOTE ON A POLL IN RESPECT OF EACH SHARE HELD.

The Dividend on the Preference Shares will be payable on the 1st day of January and the 1st day of July each year. The first payment will be made on the 1st July, 1911, and will be calculated from the dates of payment of instalments.

Instalments can be paid up in full on Allotment or on 1st April, 1911, under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

The object of the present issue is to redeem the existing Debentures and provide over £50,000 for further Working Capital, necessitated by the increasing nature of the business.

DIRECTORS—WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY, Chairman, 36, Russell Square, London, W.C.; AUGUSTUS D. KLABER, Managing Director, Shortlands House, Shortlands, Kent; ALEXANDER S. NEWMARK, 52, Albemarle Road, Beckenham, Kent; H. F. ATKINSON-CLARK, 26, Elm Park Gardens, London, S.W.; E. TREVOR L. WILLIAMS, Clock House, Byfleet (Chairman of the Gramophone Co., Ltd.).

BANKERS—PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, 77, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches; Messrs. HOARE, 37, Fleet Street, E.C.

BROKERS—Messrs. PIM, VAUGHAN & CO., 1, Drapers Gardens, E.C., and Stock Exchange; Messrs. EADON & DUTCHMAN, 8, East Parade, Sheffield; Messrs. DIMMOCK BROS. & COWTAN, Examiner Buildings, Manchester.

SOLICITORS—BRISTOWS, COOKE & CARPMAEL, 1, Copthall Bldgs., E.C.

AUDITORS—WYATT WILLIAMS & CO., Chartered Accountants, 14, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE—GEORGE E. BORASTON, 26, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

FACTORY—RONEO WORKS, ROMFORD, ESSEX.

PRINTING WORKS—GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company was formed in November, 1908, for the purpose of taking over "The Neostyle Manufacturing Company, Limited," the well-known manufacturers of Roneo Duplicators, Copiers and Office Appliances, established 1900.

The extensive improvements and additions made to the Buildings, Factory Plant and Equipments and the increase in Investments in Foreign Affiliated Companies have absorbed during the last two years the sum of £26,330 11s. 9d., as is shown by the Certified Balance-Sheets.

The selling organisation has been largely extended and additional branches and agencies have been opened both at home and abroad.

The business now owned by this Company was started in 1900. The turnover has steadily increased from year to year, and while the profits of the past financial year have been extremely satisfactory, the present position justifies the Directors in expecting still larger increases in turnover with an augmented ratio of profit, by reason of the extended organisation and in view of the fact that the productive capacity of the Factory has been doubled during the past two years.

Only about 35 per cent. of the total business of the Company consists in the sale of machines; the greater part of the turnover consists in the sale of ink, stencil paper, and other accessories used in connection therewith. It will be seen therefore that the stability of the business depends not on the sale of the machines but on the sale of the supplies to the users of machines, and to this the steady growth of the business is attributable.

In addition the Company does a large and increasing trade in Steel Filing Cabinets and other Office and Library fittings. Amongst the many large Institutions which have adopted these Steel Fittings are The London City and Midland Bank (Finch Lane Office), The University of Edinburgh, The Belfast Public Library, Labouchere Oyens Bank (Amsterdam), The Equitable Life Assurance Society (Paris Office), The Royal Automobile Club, etc., etc.

TRADE.—The progressive nature of the business is shown by the following figures:—

Sales for the year ending—		Sales for the year ending—	
31st December, 1900 ...	£14,440 4 4	31st December, 1904 ...	£52,905 19 8
31st December, 1901 ...	29,976 11 6	31st December, 1905 ...	63,554 10 1
31st December, 1902 ...	41,918 14 1	31st December, 1906 ...	78,690 0 7
31st December, 1903 ...	48,068 14 10	31st December, 1907 ...	104,576 4 1

Subsequently, for the convenience of stocktaking, the Company's accounts were made up annually to the 30th June, and the sales have been as follows:—For the year ending June 30, 1909, £136,707 10s. 9d. For the year ending June 30, 1910, £170,216 15s. 5d.

PURPOSE OF THE PRESENT ISSUE.—The rapid increases of the Company's business, which has greatly exceeded the Directors' anticipations, is evident from the above figures. There is every indication of the progress being maintained, as the orders already executed and in hand during the first six months of the present financial year amount to over £104,000, as compared with £75,578 15s. 9d. during the same period of the preceding year. It has therefore become advisable to provide further capital to meet the requirements of the growing trade, and the present issue will not only provide over £50,000 of fresh Working Capital but also sufficient to pay off the Debenture Loan, namely £35,200, and place the Company in a position to take full advantage of the prospects which are before it.

PROFITS.—The Balance-Sheet showing the position of the Company at the 30th June, 1910, and the Auditors' Certificate can be inspected by intending subscribers as set out below. The results of the last financial year show a trading profit, excluding income from investments, of £29,209 16s. 7d., an increase of £5,512 0s. 3d. as compared with 1909. The net profits for 1909 were £20,289 12s. 3d., and 1910 £22,620 12s. 10d., as certified by the auditors.

DIVIDENDS.—A dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum has been earned and paid on the Ordinary Shares each year since the formation of the Company, and it will be seen from the Auditors' Certificate that the profits for 1910, after deducting the amount set aside for Depreciation, Directors' Fees, Managing Directors' Remuneration and Branch Establishment Expenses, amounted to £22,620 12s. 10d., or nearly four times the amount required for the dividend on the shares of the present issue. The results of the first seven months' trading indicate that the profits for the present financial year ending June next will not be less than £30,000.

ASSETS AND RESOURCES.—The total net Assets of the Company as shown by the Balance-Sheet at 30th June, 1910, EXCLUSIVE OF GOODWILL, including the proceeds of the present issue, and the uncalled Capital amounting to £40,000, less £5,207 6s. paid in advance, after providing for all liabilities as well as the redemption of the Debentures, amount to over £255,000, or more than two-and-a-half times the amount of the Preference Share Capital.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR SPRING OVERCOAT?

Why not have an overcoat this Spring that will serve as an overcoat and mackintosh combined—a coat that is not only light, smart and dressy, but thoroughly waterproof as well.

Let us send you patterns of the latest 1911 designs of the "Wetresista," the coat that keeps you dry yet never loses its shape.

Hundreds of "John Bull" readers who have purchased our famous rubberless Raincoat write us letters full of praise and satisfaction. Some are especially pleased with the perfect fit, others say how well it protects them from the rain, whilst all agree that the "Wetresista" is the best value in a Raincoat they have ever obtained

"WETRESISTA" TRADE MARK No 320452

The heaviest downpour cannot penetrate it or spoil its shape. That's the feature of the "Wetresista." No rubber—perfect in fit, style and finish.

New 1911 Designs—Suitable for all Climes

sent to any address on receipt of post card. Sample Coat forwarded carriage paid to any part of England on receipt of P.O. or cheque for 35/- and **money returned** if not approved. Simply send length of coat and colour desired also chest measurement over vest.

Obtainable only from the SOLE MAKERS,

CONNOCK & LOCKIE,

60, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

Facing Shaftesbury Avenue.

Telegrams "WETRESISTA, London." 'Phone Gerrard, 4603.

TO H.M. THE KING

"Black & White" Whisky

Jas. Buchanan & Co., Ltd.,
Glasgow & London.

PRIVATE DETECTIVES

KIMPTONS

Prompt
Reliable
Honest

CONSULTATION FREE.

Telephone: 8727 Gerrard.

Telegrams: 'KIMPTONISM, LONDON.'

71 STRAND W.C.

TO VIEW THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.

FREE SEATS FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS.

By arrangement with the John Bull Coronation Syndicate we are able to offer a certain number of our readers FREE SEATS, in excellent positions, to view one of the Coronation Processions on June 22nd and 23rd.

The Syndicate is making arrangements to secure a number of sites in the finest positions, and to erect thereon stands commanding a full view of the Procession. The usual price for such seats would be from £5 to £10 each, but with a view to advertising "JOHN BULL," and at the same time to avoid any infringement of the Lottery Act, the following scheme has been devised.

The Syndicate has also acquired a certain number of Fully Paid £1 Ordinary Shares in John Bull Limited—the proprietors of this journal—and these shares will be transferred in lots of Five each, EVERY PURCHASER BEING ENTITLED, IN ADDITION TO THE SHARES, to

TWO FREE CORONATION SEATS.

The Shares may be paid for by five instalments of £1 each, but to secure the best positions it is desirable that applicants should pay up in full on application.

No applications can be received after Monday, March 13th, but all applications will be dealt with in order of priority as received.

Let the scheme be clearly understood. The Shares are £1 each fully paid. They are Ordinary Shares, taking all the profits of the journal after payment of 6 per cent. to the Preference Shareholders. They will be sold in lots of five, and the purchaser of each lot gets Two Seats for the Procession without any further charge. In other words, purchasers get Five Fully Paid Ordinary Shares in the most successful journal of modern times, and in addition to these shares they receive, by way of bonus, Two Seats to view the historic Procession. If they care to sell the seats they should have no difficulty in obtaining more than the price of the shares—thus securing their interest in the journal for nothing.

All applications must be made on the form printed below.

John Bull's Coronation Procession Seats.—Form of Application.

To The JOHN BULL CORONATION SYNDICATE, 93 & 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

I hereby apply for Five Fully Paid Ordinary Shares of £1 each in John Bull Limited, on the condition that I am to have Two Seats, free of charge, to view the Coronation Procession on either June 22nd or 23rd next, and that in the event of no such seats being allotted to me, the amount paid by me in respect of such shares is to be returned in full

Strike out one of these Paragraphs.

I enclose herewith the sum of £ ..... being payment in full in respect of such shares; or

I enclose herewith the sum of £1 on account of such shares, and will pay the balance by monthly instalments.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*All readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc

AUTHORS and ARTISTS submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).

THE EDITOR cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china pictures, coins, books, etc.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect

Mrs. B. (Chelsea) complains of Leopold Stein, "General Agent to the *Royal Bulgarian State Lottery*," but does not seem to have kept up her payments for the series. In any event, she is not likely to have got anything.

T. H. (Rotherhithe) enquires about the "*Bifti*" *Turkey Competition*, and sends us a circular which ends up with the phrase: "Smile at your grocer and say Bifti." That sounds rude.

E. B.—If the hall did not pay, why should it be kept open? You forget that the *Salvation Army* is a commercial undertaking.

"CONDUCTOR" complains that men are mulcted of pennies for *receipt stamps* when their wages are over £2. The remedy is to earn less.

J. F. (Islington) wants to know what has happened to the *Whiteley Relief Fund*. So do we.

"A CUSTOMER FROM THE START" (Llanelly) is inquisitive about an appeal for *light literature* for the Royal Irish Constabulary. Surely they can afford a penny for JOHN BULL!

"HUMOROUS" (Devon) wants to know of a good *humorous recitation* or stump speech. Any M.P. could oblige him.

C. H. L. (Brixton) offers to make a bacteriological examination of the deposit on a *telephone receiver*. We shall be glad to publish the result if he will kindly send it.

F. C. B. (Denmark Hill).—Yes, why should not the *Coronation procession* perambulate the greater part of London?

A. E. G. (Twickenham) complains of *F. Childs and Co.*, football competition people, of Flushing.

"TRAVEL" (Leeds).—Your advertisement of yourself as a *companion* reads all right, and might appear in the *Morning Post*, but we do not as a rule answer queries unless they are of general interest.

H. L. D. (Cardiff).—We should have thought the *compensation* for your accident ought to cover doctors' fees and leave a bit over as a solatium, but you give no details.

A. F. C. (Tottenham).—It is gratifying to hear of such generous [illegible] as you report, at the hands of the Hackney Furnishing Department [illegible] pany.

"SOCIAL DEMOCRAT" (Queen's Park).—The reference to the Socialist eyeing the watch chain [illegible] was a good-humoured allusion to the Socialist objection to private wealth. In any case, you must not hold us personally responsible for the views expressed in signed articles.

MRS. I. F. F. (Honor Oak) says the *staff of big hotels* have food which is bad as well as insufficient, and that they have to buy provisions outside. But she does not think this is general. Directors ought to enquire into this grievance.

"CHEMIST" is in a panic about the dissemination of disease by *telephone instruments*, and wants us all to use a disinfecting pad, which can be carried in the pocket.

H. C. (Camberwell) tells us that at a recent P.S.A. *Miss Florence Balgarnie* described this journal as "such wretched trash." Would the dear lady the next time she refers to us use stronger language—and then there will be a big rush to buy us on the Monday morning, as was the case recently after a parson had characterised us as "obscene"?

W. D. H. (Dudley).—The *present Government* is a Liberal one, working in temporary agreement with the Labour and Irish parties. This is why it is called a Coalition Government.

J. R. (Guisboro') thinks that *Mr. Barry Pain* must have got his idea for a recent tale called "The Street of Peace," from our short story "The Good Man's Shock." Very likely. Most people come to us for ideas nowadays.

H. S. D. (Brazil) sends us an interesting group of "*chacara*" *fellows*, busily devouring JOHN BULL, and tells us that we are making headway amongst British residents out there. Three cheers for the "chacaras"!

L. A. C. (Balham).—*Councillor Spencer Jackson* is a bit of all right!

"READER" (Barking) tells us dreadful things about the refreshment department of the *East Ham Police Minstrels'* entertainment. We must enquire of the chief inspector!

A WANDSWORTH READER tells us that Birmingham can give points to the Wells postmaster in the matter of *nepotism*. Good word that—doesn't sound libellous. Look it up.

J. S. (Hatherleigh).—We are not offended at the *Clarion's* gibe. All good for advertising.

"BEACON" (Crowborough).—There is much pathos about the advertisement: "*A disappointed bride* wishes to dispose of a wedding cake." You wait until you are disappointed in love.

"JACK" (Tottenham).—How prompt of the inspector to visit a *baker's premises* on November 30th and report on February 3rd their dirtiness—and how nice for the baker's customers!

(Continued on page 310)

A Concert Musician

Neuralgia, Loss of Nerve Energy—

Within everybody there is the power to do some one thing specially well, to excel over others, and to bring out that power, says Ernst Hoffstein, the popular pianist and composer, nothing exists which can accomplish it with the marvellous certainty of Phosferine. Delighted audiences are enraptured by Mr. Hoffstein's masterly skill, which, he declares, is made possible by Phosferine. Before taking Phosferine, his work was made difficult and interrupted by neuralgia and loss of nerve force, but since taking the tonic these afflictions have disappeared, and he has the energy to bring out those inner powers, and successfully develop his natural skill.

Cured at once.

Mr. E. Hoffstein, 5, Chantry Road, Bristol, writes:—"Phosferine has been of invaluable service to me in relieving me from neuralgic pains and restoring lost energy. The prolonged brain-work of composing and writing my songs, teaching, conducting my pianoforte recitals and concerts, produced increased mental exhaustion, accompanied by terrible headaches, and an [illegible] at the back of my eyes. In fact [illegible] before I took Phosferine, the only way I could prevent the suffering getting worse was to take a long rest at most inconvenient times, but now, fortunately, a small dose of Phosferine stops the trouble and pulls me together splendidly. I tried Phosferine by the advice of a friend, and the speedy disappearance of my nervous ailments was in truth amazing. I no longer suffer with neuralgia, and find that a few drops of Phosferine, taken just before my concert appearance, steady my nerves, so that I do my work with every confidence. Physically, I find that Phosferine imparts a vigour and muscular firmness which enables me to play an excellent game of golf, and the benefit I have derived from this marvellous energy maker proves that it is important for everyone to know of it.—February 4, 1911."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Premature Decay	Anæmia
Rheumatism	Maternity Weakness	Malaria
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Sleeplessness
Indigestion	Sciatica	Nervousness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

THE ROYAL TONIC.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family	H.M. the King of Greece
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia	H.M. The King of Spain
H.M. the Queen of Roumania	The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty throughout the World

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!

Brooks' New Scientific Appliance—Adjustable to any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable, Affording Instant Relief—Made for Men, Women, or Children.

SENT ON TRIAL.

No risk in ordering—Money will be refunded if not satisfied.

AFTER thirty years' experience in curing rupture, I have invented an appliance which will absolutely hold the rupture and never slip, yet is light, cool, and comfortable. It conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs less than many common trusses. There are no springs or hard lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. I make it to your measure, and send it to you on a **strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded**, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it.

"I Am Perfectly Cured!"

Smith's Shop, Kingstone,
Hereford, Sept. 25, 1910.

C. E. Brooks, Esq.,

Dear Sir,—For over 20 years I have suffered from rupture. During that period I have spent pounds in seeking a remedy. When I heard of you I had doubts, for I thought it would be simply another case of failure and expense. Just over six months ago I decided to give your a trial, and I found relief very quickly. But the best of all, I am pleased to inform you that for over two months I have not used the Appliance, for I am perfectly cured. I am a blacksmith, and can do all the heavy work without being troubled in any way. Please accept my best thanks.

Yours very gratefully,
THOMAS PHILLIPS.

The above is C. E. Brooks, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him to-day.

"I Consider I am Cured!"

86, Grove Street,
Freehold, Rochdale,
Sept. 19th, 1910.

Mr. Brooks,

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I write you these few lines to inform you that I have been successful with your Appliance. I consider I am cured of rupture, having done without it for six weeks, and only having had it on five months, after having tried four years with other remedies. I shall be pleased to be of service to you when an opportunity comes my way.

Thanking you for the good you have done me.

Yours gratefully,
THOMAS HOWARTH.

P.S.—The Appliance is as good to-day as when I got it from you.

I have received thousands of letters like these from grateful patients the world over. This Appliance gives **instant relief**, and effects permanent cures when everything else has failed. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies. Fill in the attached coupon and post to-day, and I will send you free my Illustrated Book on Rupture and its Cure, showing my Appliance, and giving you the names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. If in London, call at my Consulting Rooms. Experienced attendants for both ladies and gentlemen.

C. E. BROOKS, 101a, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. BROOKS, 101a, Bank Buildings, Kingsway London, England.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

John Bull, Feb. 25, 1911.

La Careja de Luxe

JOHN BULL'S OWN CIGAR.

THE

"La Careja de Luxe"

CIGAR

is a revelation in value and enjoyment. Made in England from the finest Havana Tobacco grown.

35/- to 45/- per 100.

The Shilling Havana's Equal.

Send four penny stamps for a Sample Cigar under our special advertising offer.

JAMES & Co. (BIRM.) Ltd. 46, NEW ST., BIRMINGHAM.

Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS

FOR BILIOUS & LIVER COMPLAINTS

If You Neglect Your Liver

every part of your system must suffer because your blood is certain to become charged with impurities. Indigestion, depression, lack of energy, dizziness, sickness, headaches, etc., are all "Liver signs." They can be cured only by restoring life and vigour to the liver. Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS do this quicker than any other remedy. A single dose will prove. Sold in green packages by all Chemists, Prices, 7½ & 2/9.

A Startling Exposure of Front Bench Tactics

Mr. Belloc, after five years in the House of Commons, resigned his seat at the last election in protest against the unreality of Party Politics. In "THE PARTY SYSTEM" the secret collusion between the two Front Benches is demonstrated, and the ways in which they have captured the control of Parliament and effected the elimination of the Private Member are laid bare.

THE PARTY SYSTEM By HILAIRE BELLOC and CECIL CHESTERTON.

Cloth, Crown 8vo. **3/6** net.

STEPHEN SWIFT, 10, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

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BEDSTEADS!

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood of every description. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, &c. Furniture - Bedrooms and General. *All goods sent direct from factory to home, saving middle profits.* Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price Lists (post free). I allow discount for cash, or supply goods payable in monthly instalments, or in any way that will suit you. Established 22 years. CHARLES SILEY, (Dept D), LOCK St., BIRMINGHAM.

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THE PEOPLE'S BANK.

Authorised Share Capital - £500,000

HOME SAVINGS BANK and MONEY BOXES.

FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST.

Illustrated Booklet and Balance Sheet Free.

HEAD OFFICE—

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

R. M. C. (Southampton) sends particulars of a revised version of the *deposit trick*, run by the Credit Supply Warehouse, 39, Exchange Street, Norwich.

J. W. (Kentish Town) complains of *Wallis and Bethall, football accountants.* If the facts are as stated, we do not suppose he will gain much by "going for" them.

A. R. (Portland) asks if anyone serving in the Navy may enter a *Civil Service competition* at a later age than others. Pity the poor Editor!

"Cambrian Dalesman."—We do not see how you can force a Roman Catholic priest to drink the *health of heretics.* Wouldn't it do if he prayed for them?

"Gibwin" is annoyed by the advertisement for a *young housekeeper*, who must be *Christ-like.* But it is for a company.

"Constant Reader."—If you give us your name in confidence we will keep it as secret as the grave. But we see very little in your complaint that some churches charge 3d. for *early doors.* You can come late for nothing, or stay away altogether if you please.

J. L. L. (Towyn-on-Sea).—We do not agree that the *metric system* is "of vital importance to the very existence of the British Empire." Why exaggerate?

"Veritas" (Saskatchewan) says *Canadian promises to immigrants* are a gigantic fraud. He adds that most of the drinking-water is alkaline and produces kidney diseases; that there is no drainage system except in cities; that school education is of a very low standard; and that kill-joys are numerous and aggressive. They should be made to drink their own waters.

"Home-Trader" (Watson, Sask, Canada).—Mere abuse of Louis Wain is no argument in favour of *Canadian immigration.*

B. J. E. (Devonport) says *picture show proprietors* are not always accurate in their advertisements. Who is?

"Germanicus" (Lincoln).—*Jim Crow* has already written about the "Gentle Germans" in one of our earliest numbers.

A. D. (Troon, N.B.) thinks *musical conductors* ought to have knighthoods because they tickle our sense of sound. Why not engine-drivers also?

J. F. G. (South Lambeth) complains that a firm issues ½ lb. and ¼ lb. *packets of tea*, the packing being included in the weight; that they also issue dummy packets for shop-windows, marked "full weight without wrapper"; and that they impose unfair fines on the people they employ. Why is this innocent beverage the vehicle for so many swindles?

E. T. D. (Regent's Park).—You seem a very easy victim for *fee-snatching moneylenders.* Now that you are twice bit, you should be four times shy.

T. O. T. N. (Moscow).—We have often agitated for consuls who would work for *British trade*, but so many are foreigners. We note that more British shops are needed in Russia; also that there are commercial openings in Persia, Turkey, Turkestan and South Russia.

T. M. (Langside).—We suppose big manufacturers often freeze out little ones by *under-selling.* How are you to prevent it?

S. W. S. (Eastbourne).—A Skull Club certainly does sound a queer title for people who are collecting for *Christmas dinners*, and Christmas is still a long way off, but we wish luck to anyone who seeks to brighten the lot of the poor.

H. L. P. (Ilfracombe) says he paid 4s. 6d. to the *Chiswick Rubber Stamp Co.*, but can obtain neither stamp nor cash.

E. J. (Pontardulais).—We believe the medical fraternity are divided about the *moderate use of alcohol.* But they are divided about most things.

J. B. (New York).—We are not sure that it would be wise to discharge all *foreign cooks* until the British ones have learned to cook an omelet.

Mrs. W. (Marden) asks "why bakers should be allowed to serve you with a *loaf* weighing 1 lb. 14 ozs. when you pay for a 2-lb. loaf." But we have just had a complaint from a baker who was fined 24s. for that very offence.

H. Y. (Clanfield) enquires about *Tyler, Johnson and Co.*, Mushroom Spawn Manufacturers, 44, Bedford Row. We should have hesitated to invest in any company connected with mushrooms.

"Dispenser" says that the usual *salary* in his business is only from 20s. to 25s. per week of seven days. Why not dispense with employment of that sort?

R. N. R. (Naples).—*Pity the Poor Editor!* It would take at least half-an-hour to answer all your questions. Have you no histories or books of reference in your ship's library? You had better toss up to see which of you has won.

"One of the John Bull League" complains that *Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest* and other institutions maintained for the alleged benefit of the Navy, provide meals for civilians. He says it is unfair that charity should compete with trade.

R. B. (Half Moon Street) says the *bad air in railway carriages* turns them into veritable death-traps.

G. S. (Holloway Road).—If your friend did not *shout* "Fruit," he ought not to have been fined. Even if he did, we consider £1 and 2s. costs excessive.

H. H. (Shrewsbury) enquires about a scheme whereby purchasers of *Levant Cigarettes*, at 187, Piccadilly, become entitled to some share in Paris Premium Bonds.

"A Constant Reader" (Leyton) thinks the *Party System* is bound to go as soon as women have votes. Perhaps even sooner.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bull" (Stoke-on-Trent).—We do not know how many *Germans* there are in our Navy. Certainly not enough to make invasion possible.

"Frenchman" wants to find "a smart and original English Comedy *Lyric writer*," and adds, "I don't mind what I pay." Hurrah! but writers are rarely considered lyrical in this country.

B. B. (Victoria, B.C.) complains of *Chinese immigration*, and says British Columbia ought to be called the Yellow Man's Land.

J. A. F. (Huddersfield) enquires about *Jim Crow.* He probably went off with your friend's wheelbarrow.

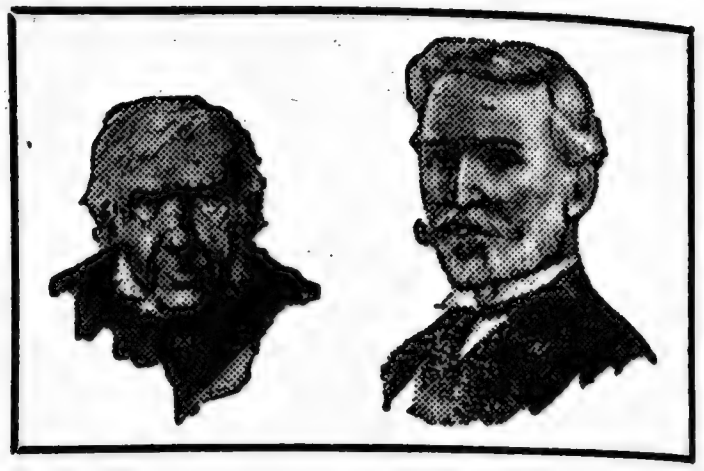
J. W. F. (Waterford) says *extreme unction* is only given to the sick, but we should have thought a point might be stretched in favour of criminals on their way to the scaffold.

J. E. H. (Newark) says a *bishop* always carries his staff in his left hand, so as to be able to bless properly. We shall soon be theological experts at this rate.

A. D. C. (Friendly Islands, S. Pacific) complains of the *administration of Tonga*, shall we despatch a representative on a special mission? But these islands don't sound very well-named, do they?

H. E. A. (Beaconsfield, S. Africa) enquires about the *American College of Mechano-Therapy* (Chicago). Can any good come out of Chicago?

[We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]



Contrasts

From the Report of The National Food Enquiry Bureau—

Proving the importance of Oat-Food for bodily and mental vigour:—

1.—"*An investigation of over 6,000 inmates of workhouses disclosed the startling fact that in 50 per cent. of the workhouses there were not three in a hundred who had made a regular use of oatmeal.*"

2.—"*A well-known gentleman of advanced years, occupying a high position in connection with one of our greatest Colonies . . . takes porridge every morning for breakfast, and has no other meal until dinner in the early evening.*"

The Value of Oat-Food for Sedentary Workers

is overwhelmingly proved by the facts gathered in the Bureau's comprehensive investigation. Judges lawyers, head-masters of colleges and schools, students, and men prominent in public life praise Oat-Food as a builder of sound bodies, steady nerves and clear brains. *Life's leaders are oat-fed.* Life's failures are ill-nourished.

The Weak and the Strong.

The Bureau found that in the slums of London, not 3 in 100 eat Oat-Food.

But in one good-class school in Birmingham, 88 out of 100 pupils use Oat-Food.

In speaking of one poor family (in Leeds) which *eats* Oat-Food, the report of the National Food Enquiry Bureau says: "Good, healthy, clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked children." On the same investigation Sheet, six children, *who never get Oat-Food*, are described as: "One child consumptive, five anæmic.

At the famous universities and public schools, an average of 94 out 100 of the athletes were "brought up on" Oat-Food, and the proportion of those who use Oat-Foods in "training" is 10 to 1.

The Investigator's Report shows out of 514 doctors, 494 declare that an increased consumption of Oat-Food would greatly benefit the nation.

Why Oat-Food?

The doctors recommend Oat-Food because they know that for your money you get in oats a more perfect combination of the heat and energy giving elements of food, the body-building part; the brain food; and the food of the nerves and nerve centres than in any other food.

Oat-Food at its Best.

The whole world knows that Oat-Food is found at its best in Quaker Oats.

The large, thin flakes that cook and digest so easily.—The delicious flavour—

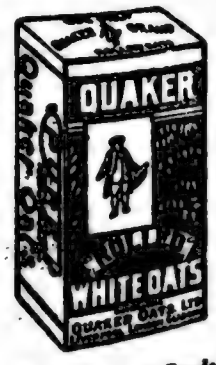
The purity and cleanliness of Quaker Oats—never touched by hand—*and sold only in SEALED packets*—

The economy proved by "40 Meals for Sixpence."—These are a few reasons why Quaker Oats is

The One Perfect Oat-Food

Quaker Oats

The food that builds brains and bodies



The Greatest of Foods is sold only in this sealed packet.

Through the courtesy of the Bureau, we can send a copy of the Report to you if you are interested. Address, Quaker Oats Ltd., Dept. 277, 11, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

WINCARNIS

MAKES YOU WELL AND KEEPS YOU FIT.

Its exhilarating and bracing effects on the body and brain are immodiate. From the first and after each succeeding wineglassful, a delicious feeling of refreshment, renewed vigour, and an additional strength and stamina are experienced. But unlike drugs which merely stimulate for the moment, only to lower the vitality afterwards the strength that Wincarnis gives is lasting strength.

TEST WINCARNIS FREE.

Send the coupon to-day, and obtain free a liberal trial bottle of Wincarnis—enough to start you along the road to health. In your own interest, send the coupon now.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

To COLEMAN and Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of Wincarnis. I enclose 3d. to cover cost of carriage.
Name .....
Address .....
"John Bull," February 25th, 1911

Keep your Boys at Home.

George Gray's highest breaks, including the World's record break, have been made on RILEY'S Standard Tables.

The RILEY'S Miniature Table is built in exact proportion to the full size, and the game requires equal skill to play. Whatever size your room there is a RILEY'S Table to fit. RILEY'S Billiard Tables to place on your own dining table cost from £3 7s. 6d. upwards. The 6ft. 4in. size, £6 6s., is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S Combined Billiard and Dining Tables are easily converted, and most convenient from £13 10s. Cash or Easy Payments. These prices include all accessories. Carriage paid to nearest railway station. *FREE* on receipt of postcard full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Crown Billiard Works, Accrington.

London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Is your Pipe ALL you could wish?

Doesn't it sometimes burn your tongue? Doesn't it sometimes fill your mouth with ill-tasting moisture. The

"MASTA" PIPE

cannot burn your tongue, *cannot* fill your mouth or the pipe-bowl with moisture or nicotine. The "Masta" patent prevents all that. Everybody can enjoy a "Masta" even if they cannot smoke an ordinary pipe.

Made of best selected briar.

Note the special construction.

Section of Straight Pattern.

No parts to get out of order. Cleaned easily and instantly. Obtainable of all leading tobacconists. Price 2/6, 4/-, 5/6, 8/-, &c. Cheaper quality, 1/-. Write to-day for free booklet, "Points on Pipes." Full of useful hints.

MASTA PIPE CO. (Dept. 9) 153 FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

5,000 BOXES OF MY FAT-CURE FREE TO LADIES.

My Remedy Freed Me from 4st. 8lb. of Fat within Eight Weeks.

To Prove that it Will Do As Much for Other Women, I am Presenting 5,000 Boxes to Those who Send Me the Coupon below.

Mrs. M. SEYMOUR.

I bore the miseries of over-fatness for nine years. I laboured under an intolerable burden of nearly 5st. of superfluous flesh which nothing could remove.

I lived under the awful torment of knowing that I was getting gradually fatter every day, in spite of ceaseless efforts to lose weight.

All ordinary remedies failed me, but after tedious trials and experiments something happened which gave me the clue to the cause of my obesity, and this clue led me to a discovery which reduced me 4st. 8lb. in eight weeks.

Nobody but a woman who has experienced the torments of obesity can realise what a cloud is lifted from her life when she gets rid of her fatness. Nobody but one who has suffered and been cured can possibly imagine the feeling of delight and zest for living when freed from obesity.

Here are my weight and measurements before and after my cure:—

	Weight.	Waist.	Bust.	Hips.
Before	206lb.	34in.	44in.	55in.
After	144lb.	24in.	36in.	40in.
Loss	64lb.	10in.	9in.	15in.

My remedy has done as much for hundreds of other women as it has for me. It is a woman's cure for women only. Nobody but a woman could have discovered it.

These two portraits give some idea of what I gained in appearance when I lost my fat.

I earnestly ask you, as one woman to another, to prove its worth in your case. Try it at my expense. I know it will rid you of your fat, give you health, grace, strength, and everything that makes life worth living to a woman.

I am presenting 5,000 free boxes of my cure and copies of my book, "Obesity in Women." I ask you to post the coupon below to me now and accept one of these free packages.

My offer is open to every lady who is subject to over-fatness and who has not yet tried my remedy, but I have no cure for corpulence in men. I can only send one free package to each lady.

My remedy is absolutely harmless and may be taken by any woman.

FREE BOX COUPON

This coupon, if sent with three penny stamps to pay for posting, entitles a lady to a free box.

Please send me one box of your Cure for Obesity in Women. I enclose threepence in stamps for posting expenses. I have not tried your remedy before.

NAME (Mrs. or Miss) .....

10/25/2. ADDRESS .....

To MRS. M. SEYMOUR, 69, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

CONSUMPTION.

MOUNTAIN AIR AT HOME.

The dreaded Bacilli of Consumption can be combated at home, at trifling cost, and with the utmost certainty, on the same lines as have hitherto been enjoyed only by the wealthy by a lengthy stay at Davos Platz or South Africa. The SARTOLIN TREATMENT renders the atmosphere in your own room so inimical to the Tubercle Bacilli as to make their continued existence in your lungs an impossibility. Write for the new Book, which will be sent gratis and post free to all enquirers. Address:—

The Sartolin Company, Room 79, 20, High Holborn, London.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.

Instant Relief.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, "*Double U. I.*" *of* LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

N. H. Inspection Committee.

Apropos of the universal dissatisfaction over the present type of steeplechase fences, I would suggest that a more reasonable and fairer standard be adopted upon the opinion of a dozen men who have all been steeplechase jockeys themselves, and who are now training and schooling steeplechasers for a living and must therefore know what a jockey's risks are and what it is reasonable to ask horses to jump over. Would not men like Harry Escott, Willie Nightingall, Gore, Whitaker, Frank Hartigan, George Butchers and many others be just the people qualified and willing to express an opinion?

A Prospective National Winner.

Rory O'Moore, probably the most discussed animal among Grand National runners, and certain, anyhow, to be one of the public favourites, as he is nicely weighted, is just the rough typical type of chaser who can win at Liverpool. But, speaking generally, and seen by anyone with an eye for a horse, especially for the first time, he is far from attractive, being the reverse of good-looking, in fact a common angular animal who has bad limbs practically all round, although now callous and sound upon them. He is particularly long in the back, and has a "harnessy" sort of neck, being just the sort of good blood hunter who would carry 14 stone and keep "lolloping" along. Some declare, too, that he will never get the National course, as he "roots" his fences.

Prophetic.

There is really only Newbury's Soldiers' Meeting to be discussed now, and here we depend upon the jockeys more than the "gee-gees." I certainly think that BRIGHT PARK will win one of his races, especially if his owner is sufficiently over his "downer" to be able to ride him; while, on what I saw at Hurst Park, NEWGRANGE should take the Spring Plate, in which the four aged horses, Chestnut, Soliman's Way, Wild Aster and Newgrange—all entered to be sold for "50"—will put up a fight.

MOUNT PROSPECT'S FORTUNE is in the Trial Steeplechase, and although not well treated in relation to Rory O'Moore, on the Hurst Park form, I should be on the resuscitated crack, while Hartigan's representative—doubtless SANHEDRIN—must surely win the United Services Handicap. WARDSTOWN, although a bad horse, must at these weights, and in this company, gain the United Services Hunters' Cup.

£500

For Naming Lincoln and National "Double."

"LOTINGA'S WEEKLY,"

A REAL Sporting Pictorial.

WEDNESDAYS, 1d.

JUNON

Hair Tonic

Restores gloss and brilliancy—stops hair falling—nourishes and strengthens the roots removes dandruff—positively makes the hair grow—is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

post 1/- & 2/6 free

JUNON Ltd.

Hair Stain

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection does not stain the skin.

post 1/- & 2/9 free

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DOUGLAS STUART,

Flushing, Holland

(of 102-4, New Oxford Street, London),

Send a

DEPOSIT FOR ANY AMOUNT

to FLUSHING to the

Absolute Originator of NO LIMIT,

combined with **PLACE BETTING**

when Favourite starts "ODDS ON."

MARKET PRICE GUARANTEED

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SYSTEM SPECIALIST without COMMISSION.

BOOKS NOW OPEN ON LINCOLN AND NATIONAL.

Send particulars of requirements to New Oxford Street, London, if desiring to OPEN a CREDIT ACCOUNT.

The Well-known Liverpool Sportsmen

FRED GOLL & ALF BIRCHALL

beg to announce that they have books open on

Lincolnshire Hand cap, Grand National.

Apply for terms, etc., to FLUSHING, HOLLAND. Id. post-card

J. McLAUCHLAN,

Estab. 19 years. { Turf Accountant, etc., FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Write for Price List, Rules, Ready-reckoner, etc

FUTURE EVENTS A SPECIALITY.

LINCOLN, NATIONAL, etc., Double and Treble events.

BERT FRY, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Member of Tattersall's.

JOHN BULL May 14th, 1910, says:—

"Mr. Bert Fry is a Member of Tattersall's and the Principal London Clubs, and his bona-fides is beyond suspicion."

Football.

Half-time sheets issued. Enormous increase of odds.

RACING.

No Limit for Doubles on Future Events. Longest odds offered by any proved reliable agent. No limit at S.P. whether odds on the favourite or not

GIGANTIC £1000 LINCOLN & NAT. "DOUBLE."

THE RACING STUD, the well-known powerful turf combine (Est. 1900), Praised by "Sporting Life," Larry Lynx of "The People," "John Bull," etc., have the PEA for the Lincolnshire (can give Forerunner, etc., 2 st). Also "Nat" gem. Send stamped address quick. 57, High Road, Turnham Green, W

By 'PHONE, WIRE, or LETTER.

Telephones: 890 MAYFAIR (6 Lines)

PAUL COVERDALE,

Turf Accountant.

NO LIMIT, NO COMMISSION.

BOOKS NOW OPEN ON

LINCOLN & GRAND NATIONAL.

DOUBLE EVENTS A SPECIALITY.

Special facilities for transmitting commissions.

Letters with Commissions posted up to 12 o'clock of morning of race are accepted.

Motto, "PRIVACY."

If desired, cheques are signed with a *nom de plume* or payments transmitted in Bank Notes, Money Orders, or Postal Orders, by registered Post to clients' addresses, thus giving all transactions absolute privacy.

Write for my Illustrated Book of Sporting Records for 1911, the most interesting publication ever offered to the Sporting Public, also my terms for

DAILY and WEEKLY CREDIT ACCOUNT

TO

Piccadilly House, Sackville Street, LONDON, W.

Telephone: 890 MAYFAIR (6 Lines.)

Telegrams: "REPAYABLE, LONDON."

£5,000 Balance at Bankers.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.
(39th Edition.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

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(Successors to Freeborn, Franklin & Co. Established 1899)
1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

GRESHAM LIFE OFFICE.

Founded 1848. Assets £10,300,000.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICIES WITH CESSATION OF PREMIUMS DURING INCAPACITY
(TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT)
VERY MODERATE PREMIUMS.

Head Office:
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.
JAMES H. SCOTT, *General Manager.*
The Gresham Life Assurance Society, Limited.

What is Your Number?

Our Weekly Ballot for 50 Helpers at Two Guineas Apiece.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL **of specified date,** bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all work done.

The following claims have been received for the issues of January 7th and 14th:—

F. LOVEDAY, 9, Queen's Gardens, Herne Bay. No. 196,327. January 7th, 1911.

R. W. SANDERSON, 51, Selsdon Road, Croydon. No. 141,961. January 14th, 1911.

N. M. OLGIVIE, 34, Doughty Street, W.C. No. 668,232. January 14th, 1911.

FRANCIS RAYNES, 8, Gillott Hill, Wadsley Bridge, Sheffield. No. 35,518. January 14th, 1911.

J. H. SHONE, 25, New Ferry Road, New Ferry, Cheshire. No. 457,066. January 14th, 1911.

F. C. BRAIN, 107, Sandy Park Road, Brislington, Bristol. No. 474,624. January 14th, 1911.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 28th:—

3712	113147	211997	349878	497274
28048	125103	219500	360473	542984
34332	135204	220372	368590	548422
47096	143480	231942	370926	565494
52675	147031	251186	382948	588659
63547	157274	254985	393452	625913
69953	164477	272465	427423	642971
72410	174623	317756	443976	653985
89574	177987	330938	461353	655017
98044	196806	334884	475119	676233

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MARCH 25TH (PUBLISHED MARCH 23RD).

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the JOHN BULL LEAGUE, and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name .....

Address .....

....

The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as Well and Shaves as Well as any Guinea Safety Razor.

¶ The CLEMAK is the ONLY *first-class* Safety Razor on the market which is sold at a FAIR Price.

If you are using one of the old-fashioned open-blade Razors—you should get a Clemak *at once*. It cannot "pull" the beard—prevents soreness and irritation. Gives a clean, cool, comfortable shave—every time. Impossible to cut yourself—you must shave at the correct angle.

The Clemak Safety Razor is BRITISH MADE—simple—strong—durable. The Clemak complete 5s. Outfit consists of Triple Silver Plated Frame (beautifully finished); Self-contained Stropping Handle; and Seven Perfect Blades These blades are made of the Finest Grade Sheffield Steel, hardened and tempered by a Special Electric Process; the Whole contained in a case, size 2 ins. by 3¾ ins.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

YOU DON'T THROW AWAY THE BLADES OF A CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR—YOU STROP THEM.

¶ You can strop Clemak Blades by using the Stropping Handle—but we recommend everyone to buy a Clemak Stropper—price 3s. 6d., including a good leather Strop. It compels you to strop at the *correct* angle and pressure. Ensures a keen Blade for every Shave—*with no expense for new Blades*. It saves its cost many times over, because it eliminates the expense of new blades which you must have with other Safety Razors.

The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Stropper is a perfect Shaving Combination. They cost together 8s. 6d., and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

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